

Nihil Obstat :

JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,
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PASSIONIST



ALMANAC

NOVEMBER

1937

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Mon.	✠ALL SAINTS. H.O.	
2 Tues.	All the Faithful Departed.	Rev. Fr. Dunstan (McGurk), C.P.—1936.
3 Wed.	3rd day within Octave of All Saints.	Rev. Fr. Emidius (Smith), C.P.—1898.
4 Thurs.	St. Charles Borromeo, B.C.	V. Rev. Fr. Vincent (Grogan), C.P.—1900.
5 Fri.	The Holy Relics preserved in Passionist Churches.	
6 Sat.	All the Saints of Ireland.	Bro. Michael (Behan), C.P.—1907.
7 SUN.	✠25th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	Rev. Fr. Robert (Graham), C.P.—1885.
8 Mon.	Octave of All Saints.	Rev. Fr. Oswald (Donnelly), C.P.—1935.
9 Tues.	Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.	
10 Wed.	St. Andrew Avellino, C.	
11 Thurs.	St. Martin, B.C.	
12 Fri.	St. Martin, P.M.	
13 Sat.	St. Didacus, C.	{ Rev. Fr. Columban (O'Grady), C.P.—1889.
14 SUN.	✠26th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	{ Rev. Fr. John (Sherlock), C.P.—1903.
15 Mon.	St. Albert the Great, B.C.D.	Bro. Felix (Callaghan), C.P.—1849.
16 Tues.	St. Gertrude, V.	{ Bro. Felix (Ward), C.P.—1872.
17 Wed.	St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B.C.	{ Rev. Fr. Sebastian (Enrico), C.P.—1881.
18 Thurs.	Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.	{ Rev. Fr. Antony (Markey), C.P.—1865.
19 Fri.	St. Elizabeth, W.	
20 Sat.	St. Felix of Valois.	
21 SUN.	✠PRESENTATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.	{ Rev. Fr. Julian (Brezzo), C.P.—1884.
22 Mon.	St. Cecilia, V.M.	{ Rev. Fr. Stanislaus (Curran), C.P.—1918.
23 Tues.	St. Clement, P.M.	
24 Wed.	St. John of the Cross, C.	{ Rev. Fr. Felix (Hogan), C.P.—1859.
25 Thurs.	St. Catherine, V.M.	{ Bro. Seraphim (Pecci), C.P.—1894.
26 Fri.	St. Leonard of Portmaurice, C.	
27 Sat.	Commemoration of Our Blessed Lady.	V. Rev. Fr. Joseph (Carroll), C.P.—1874.
28 SUN.	✠1st SUNDAY OF ADVENT.	
29 Mon.	Feria.	
30 Tues.	ST. ANDREW, Ap.	

Abbreviations : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. Ap.—Apostle. D.—Doctor. M.—Martyr. B.—Bishop.
C.—Confessor. V.—Virgin. W.—Widow.

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PASSIONIST NOTES AND NEWS, QUESTION BOX,
BOOK REVIEWS, GUILD OF ST. GABRIEL.

THE

CROSS ANNUAL

1938

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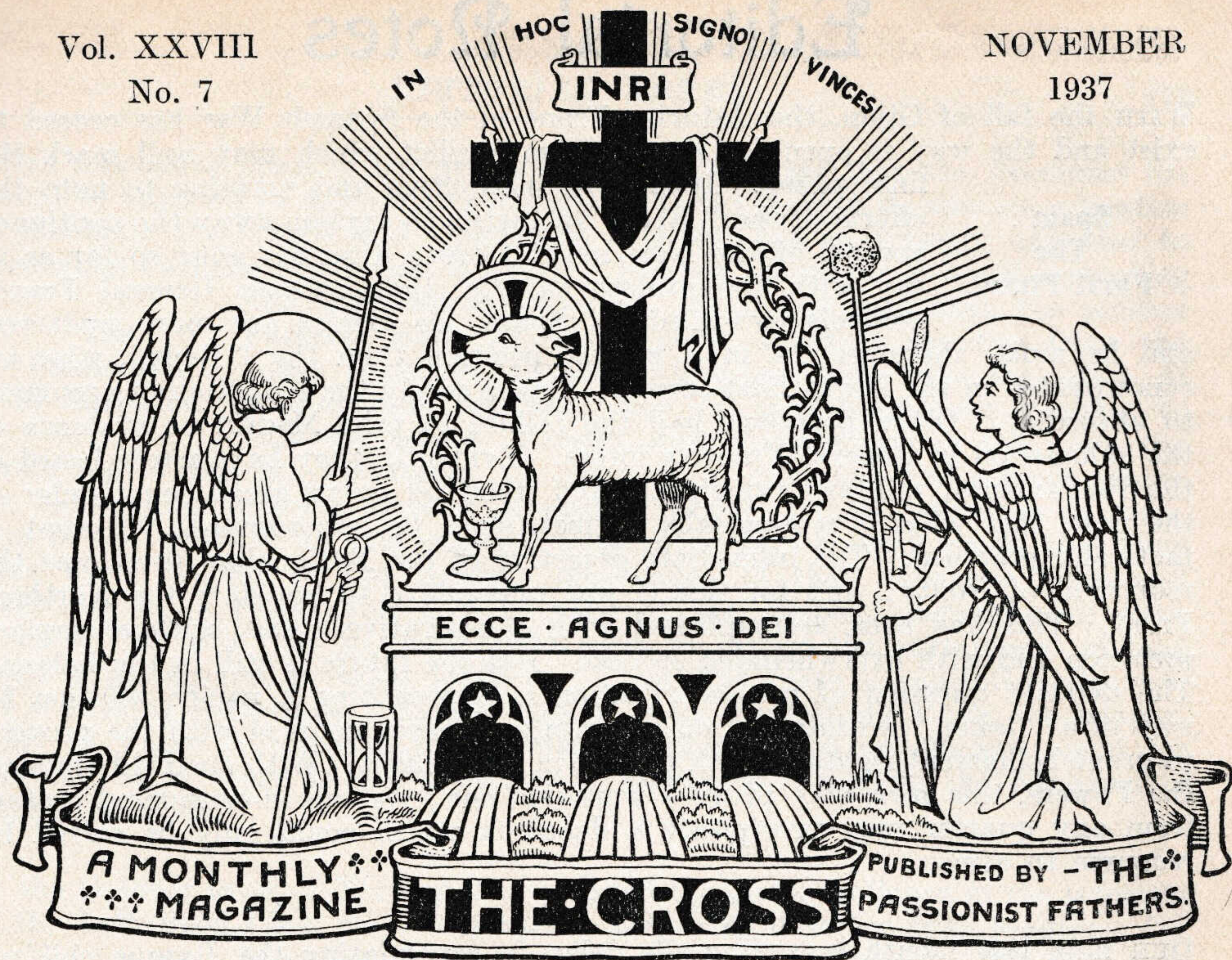
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Pray for the Faithful Departed

It is truly meet and just, right and availing unto salvation, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks to Thee, O Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God : through Christ Our Lord. In Whom the hope of a blessed resurrection hath shone upon us : that those whom the certainty of dying afflicteth the promise of future immortality may console. For with Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away ; and the abode of this earthly sojourn being dissolved, an eternal dwelling is prepared in Heaven. And therefore, with the Angels and Archangels, the Thrones and the Dominions, and the whole Host of the Heavenly Army we sing the hymn of Thy glory, saying for ever and ever :

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.

Hosanna in the highest

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord



Hosanna in the Highest.



—PREFACE FROM THE REQUIEM MASS.

Editorial Notes

WITH the fall of Gijon, the Asturias Front in the Spanish War' has ceased to exist and the way is open for the decisive conflict which may well mark the final phase. It is both instructive and amusing to note the efforts of the "Red" apologists to explain away the continued success of the Nationalist forces. One has gone so far as to say with the utmost naivete, that because General Franco controls two-thirds of Spain, his armies are more scattered, and he must, therefore, be in a weaker position than the "Reds," who are concentrated in the North-East corner. This is surely the reduction of argument to absurdity. Other partisans hail the failure to take Madrid as evidence of the exhaustion of General Franco's forces. Evidently they have never heard of the fundamental military principle, acted upon by every great commander of the past, that what is strategically perfect must be subordinated to what is tactically practical. The immediate objective of the Nationalist forces was the reduction of fronts; and for this it was imperative to liquidate the Northern Front. This has been accomplished with comparative speed, with exemplary precision and with overwhelming success. But the future is still in the balance. The delicate question of non-intervention is approaching a pacific solution by way of a "token" withdrawal on a percentage basis, coupled with the promise to grant belligerent rights to both parties in the conflict. With goodwill amongst the Powers, this plan may prove a workable one; yet an ill-considered gesture from any quarter may precipitate a deadlock which could only be solved by recourse to arms.

* * * * *

OUR note last month regarding the delay in repatriating the Basque children has received striking confirmation from the highest quarters. Canon Craven, representative of the Archbishop of Westminster on the Basque Children's Committee, found it necessary to hand in his resignation as a protest against "the disinclination to consider any reason which would favour the repatriation of these exiled Spanish children." In a letter to Canon Craven, authorizing his resignation, the Archbishop of Westminster gave his considered opinion upon the matter. "I cannot help the feeling" he stated, "that the attitude of this Committee on the question of repatriation—with the notable exception of certain of its members who have unhesitatingly supported your representations—is governed by political rather than humanitarian motives; and that these helpless exiled children are being used as pawns in a political game." Surely it is obvious that the children belong to their parents and to no one else; and that they must be returned to their parents with the least possible delay. They are no longer in any physical danger at home, now that peace has been restored to Bilbao by the success of General Franco's armies. But in England, they are in very considerable spiritual danger, living in an alien atmosphere which is inimical to their nationality and to their Faith. The present *impasse* is to be solved by the appointment of an eminent lawyer, Sir Holman Gregory, as arbitrator. But the question is one which demands a speedy solution, and not the adoption of obstructionist or delaying tactics. The Archbishop of Westminster is in favour of more direct methods. "Henceforth" he declares "we will deal direct with the parents of the children and with the representatives of the Government of the country from which they come."

* * * * *

TOWARDS the end of this year the Passionists in Australia will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of their establishment in that far-off land. Whilst the celebration will be more or less of a family affair, it carries a wide significance. It

offers conclusive proof of the groundlessness of the fear that the Passionist life would be unsuited to Australian conditions. That life, with its wise co-ordination of monastic observance and missionary activity, has so strongly appealed to Australian Catholic youth that it has now reached the status of a self-supporting and independent Province. From the very first, the pioneer Fathers—many of whom came at great sacrifice from the home countries—entered whole-heartedly into the work of missions and retreats. Nor did they limit their ministry to this one aspect. Pioneer missionary efforts in the bush, the furthering of the lay apostolate, the erection of churches and schools—these are outstanding features of their diversified labours for the salvation of souls. And in the midst of all this external work, be it said to their credit that they have been faithful to the rigorous observance of their monastic rules and constitutions—a remarkable fact in view of the insistent demands for their services, demands that to some might seem to justify the curtailment of long hours of private and personal devotion. These fifty years of apostolic endeavour are a striking commentary on the wisdom of St. Paul of the Cross, the adaptability of whose rule makes the Passionist Congregation an efficient agent for carrying on in every nation a variety of service in extending the Kingdom of Christ Crucified.

**The
Passionists
in Australia.**

* * * * *

In the October issue of *The Left News*, edited by Victor Gollancz in the interests of the Left Book Club, there is a rather surprising item for Irish readers. Dr. John Lewis, organiser of local groups, writes: "We have now 673 Groups, but when I go through our card index of members I am still concerned to come across from time to time a section of forty or fifty cards representing our membership in an area in which there is no Group." He issues an invitation to members in some seventy-seven areas to found Groups, and amongst those seventy-seven areas are: BRAY, CLONMEL and CORK! Now surely we may ask, who are the active promoters of the Left Book Club in these places? Bray and Clonmel are not notably book-buying towns: there must be someone doing propaganda work behind the scenes. The reader may ask: why bother about the Left Book Club at all? The pages of *The Left News* should provide a fitting answer. By arrangement with Lawrence & Wishart, who publish many of the works of Marx and Engels, and have practically a monopoly of the works of Lenin, there is a Left Book Club edition of every Lawrence & Wishart book at a special reduced rate. Why does this soul-destroying stuff find a congenial public in Bray, Clonmel and Cork? At a list of Autumn Rallies held at various English centres, the speakers include John Strachey, Harry Pollitt, Harold Laski, Wal Hannington, Victor Gollancz. Are these pseudo-intellectuals the leaders to whom Bray, Clonmel and Cork look for guidance on current problems? Other Group activities listed are classes in the Russian language (Central London), bookstalls for the supply to workers of Left pamphlets and periodicals. And we are invited to establish such Groups at BRAY, CLONMEL and CORK! Well, well! And by the way, how many such Groups are already established in Ireland, and where are they located? We'd like to know!

.....@.....

A Lecture entitled "Through Palestine To-Day" will be given by MR. JOHN GIBBONS at St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, on Wednesday, December 1st, at 8 p.m. Tickets and full particulars may be obtained at Holy Cross Retreat, Ardoyne, Belfast.

The Hearth ~ and the Cloister

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F. P. CAREY

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Frequently we see Irish homes materially broken up and dispersed, to be re-erected and more nobly united in the Spirit and Service of Christ. And this age-long procession of whole families into the cloister was inaugurated by our native saints :: :: :: ::
.....

LESS than a year ago, a certain Catholic publicist, speaking at an Australasian university gathering, expressed the conviction that the percentage in religious life over a period of centuries of persons of Irish birth or descent has relatively been greater than that shown by any other nation, not excluding Italy and Spain. This, he suggested, has been primarily due to the fact that in Ireland "brothers and sisters follow each other into religion. There it is commoner than elsewhere even for parents to enter the cloister when their families have been reared and provided for. Whole families of priests, monks, nuns, and Christian Brothers are not exceptional of the rule, but are the very rule itself."

Concerning the relation of Irish vocations to those among other peoples, the optimism of the speaker is pleasing, but scarcely defensible. Outstanding as we undoubtedly are in that connection, it yet may not be expected that we have sent the greatest proportion of men and women into the religious life, for our record is, so to speak, necessarily short by the number almost untold of the Penal Days, when countless vocations must have been discouraged by the circumstances of religious oppression, the while Continental youth and piety streamed unceasingly into the Sacred Ministry and vowed services of the Faith.

But, our Australian friend need not be misunderstood. Easy it is, indeed, to distinguish between what he actually said and what he meant to convey, since we have ever-recurring proof of the general justification of his tribute. Day by day, even during these prosaic times, we witness the edifying procession of whole families into the Vineyard of the Lord. Frequently we see homes materially broken up and dispersed, to be re-erected and more nobly united in the Spirit and Service of Christ; pastors of rural parishes in Ireland corresponding in terms of mutual apostolic enthusiasm with the younger sister who, perhaps, tends souls and bodies in a South Leper settlement; bishops, fighting inch by inch for the Faith in the challenging arenas of congested American dioceses, exchanging experiences and hopes with a brother who is a contemplative in some peaceful Irish monastery; Christian Brothers and teaching nuns, taking chances among Chinese bandits and African savages, linked in holy purpose and achievement with the aunt, or other relative, who presides over the orderly class-rooms of the convent-seminary at home.

Nor is this a development of yesterday or the previous day. Much rather is it the testimony of all the ages that describe the epoch of Christianity in Ireland. Long before many of the nations now in religious communion with us had experienced the Light of Christ, the Irish domestic ideal had become, as it were, spiritualised. The homesteads of the country had from the outset developed in eager emulation of the individual and communal happiness of those who had detached themselves in the Service of God. Even thus early, brother and sister so commonly followed each other into the religious life that now it may be seen how the entire thousands-fold company of the Saints of Ireland is virtually an assemblage of respective family gatherings. *Ab initio*, our Australasian friend may warrantably have added. Irish sisters and brothers, and even

parents, have gone unceasingly into religion ever since the days of our National Apostle. The age-long procession of whole families into the Sacred Ministry and the cloister was inaugurated by our native saints.

As I make these reflections, I am resting a moment upon Killiney Head, in South County Dublin, my gaze wandering north-eastward to the Bay. Though I cannot see the island from my vantage-point, it occurs to me that out there in what may be termed the near offing lies old *Rach-Rann*. Only Gaelic scholars and archaeologists, it is true, may recognise Lambay by this, its legitimate name. And what a pity, for had the ancient names and the distinctive national interests been permitted to survive, the family of Lambay saints would probably now be unforgotten. Three brothers were these—SS. Dichull, Munnisa, and Neslu, sons of Nesson, the mighty sixth century Chieftain of *Rach-Rann*, whence for long years the fame and example of their holy lives spread far and wide. In particular regard of the neighbourhood of Dublin, however, these brother-saints were possibly but types of their age and circumstances, as the Capital County and adjacent coast witnessed the flourish of several men and women of God similarly united by family ties. Here, at the foot of Killiney Hill, for instance, and about a century later than the time of the sons of Nesson, there existed the retreat of the sister-saints, Aiglenn and Macha. It was from their oratory, indeed, the ruins of which remain, that the place is believed to have derived its name, *Cill-Inghean-Leinin*—the Church of the Daughters of Leinin, now corrupted to Killiney. The sister-saints of Killiney were in no wise exceptional. In fact, if one be entitled thus categorically to distinguish between the saints of County Dublin, the conclusion that the female anchorite predominated would seem inevitable. St. Begnet, the nun-solitary of Dalkey Island, and St. Croine, the virgin of Tallaght, offer notable instances, and these are said to have come of families which had given others to the calendar of Irish saints, whilst at Swords, in the northern aspect of the County, the memory still endures of SS. Ethna and Soildheabh, daughters of a noble Fingal house, who during the seventh century, flourished at that place.

It is nevertheless possible that Wicklow has seen the rise of the greatest number of family saints. The association with the County of the illustrious St. Kevin would alone have established this record, for the Saint of Glendaloch was the son of one Mella, of Loch Melvin, Co. Sligo, who is regarded by some authorities as having been identical with the saint of that name who was mother of St. Canice of Kilkenny and St. Tighernach of Clones, though it is undisputed that St. Kevin had as brothers St. Caevan of Ardcavan, Co. Wexford and St. Natheeve of Terryglass, as uncle the great St. Eugene of Ardstraw, Co. Tyrone, founder of the Diocese of Derry, and as nephew St. Molibho. Other celebrated Wicklow saints numbered St. Canogue, who has left his name and fame at Kilmacanogue (the Church of St. Canogue) outside Bray, and his brother, St. Mochenogh, who laboured in the Kilpedder-Delgany neighbourhood, and ministered at the death-bed of St. Kevin. The roll of native saints, by the way, includes several named Mochenogh, concerning the majority of whom the available information is of the scantiest. It is, therefore, permissible to suggest that there may be something in the belief, often expressed, that the saint of Kilpedder came to Wicklow from Munster. This would encourage the thought that he was the same St. Mochenogh who has been perpetuated as the son of St. Nessa of Killeedy, Co. Limerick, who was herself the sister of St. Ita, called, it may be added, Foster-Mother of the Saints of Ireland, because of the fact that SS. Brendan the Mariner, Cumman Fadha, and one of the saints named Mochenogh, passed their infancy under her care. Many prominent blood-related saints came, however, from Meath, headed, perhaps, by St. Finian of Clonard, and his sister, St. Reynagh, who subsequently founded a convent at Bangor, Co. Down. Among the number, of course, was St. Fotchern of Trim, and his niece, St. Lassera, who

bore family relationship in one degree or another with many of the Meath and Leinster saints. The Royal County had also one of the saints named Mochenogh, said to have been related to our National Apostle. St. Ibar, the Wexford saint, reputed to have been one of the four missionaries who preached in Ireland previous to the coming of St. Patrick, had relatives unto several generations, the foremost of whom was his nephew, St. Abban the Elder, who assisted him in his early propagation of the Gospel. The latter, chiefly through another St. Abban, distinguished as the Younger, in turn formed relationships which also greatly multiplied the number of our family saints. Some writers, indeed, are satisfied to link up with the line of the Saints Abban the entire company of the holy ones of eastern Ireland, and others upon encouragement of the same almost infinite kindred, connect St. Ibar with St. Ciaran of Saighir, his contemporary in the supposed precursory preaching of the Faith, whose mother was St. Liadhan of Ossory, a fact which establishes St. Donnan as his brother. Famous sainted families of a century or two after St. Patrick were that from which came the sisters, SS. Bronach of Kilbroney (now Rostrevor), Co. Down, and St. Blinne of Killeavy, in the same neighbourhood; the holy house which produced St. Fanchea and her brothers, St. Enda of Arran and St. Caireach; the families of St. Brendan the Mariner and his sister, St. Brigia of Annaghdown; of St. Ceann-tigherna, her daughter, St. Conchenna, and her son, St. Foilan, who preached the Faith in Scotland; of St. Munchin, patron of the Diocese of Limerick, and his sisters, St. Lelia and St. Rush, the virgin of Kilrush, Co. Clare; and of that of St. Colmcille, which gave to the roll of our saints many illustrious names, including those of St. Cummania, and their relative, St. Croine of Donegal. The sixth century Abbot of Devenish, St. Molaise, and his sisters, St. Moonath, Osnath, and Tallulla, are also entitled to special note.

One of the largest of our sainted families was undoubtedly that of St. Felimy, founder of the Diocese of Kilmore, for his life of prayer and austerity was emulated by four of his brothers, SS. Senan, Degha, Dermot, and Mainchin, by his sister, St. Femia, and by a wide circle of other relatives. The example of St. Brigid of Fiesole in Italy, whither she subsequently went with her brothers, similarly won to the Service of God three of the latter, SS. Andrew, also called of Fiesole, Donatus, and Aodhavan, a record likewise true of St. Albert, first Bishop of Cashel, who edified his brother, St. Erehard, to such extent that he afterwards accompanied him to Ratisbon, where with great success they preached the tidings of Christianity; and of St. Benignus, auxiliary and successor of St. Patrick at Armagh, who led a long procession of family connections, headed by his sister, St. Machonna, into the religious life. In the same category of brotherly and sisterly example we may record the instances of a second St. Cochenna and her brother, St. Fintan Munnu; of the brother-saints, Ninnidh of Westmeath, one of the Twelve Apostles of Eire, and Murdeach, founder of the See of Killala, Co. Mayo; of St. Colman, first Bishop of Cloyne, Co. Cork, and St. Brigidh, brother and sister; and, latest but not least, of St. Gilchrist, or Christian, brother of that greatest luminary of the medieval Church in Ireland, the Primate, St. Malachy.

It may not, however, be thought that even with mention of so many names, the list of Irish family saints has been completed. Comparatively speaking, I have cited but a few in the hope that the recital may avail to bring into the realm of popular reference an aspect of Irish hagiology of which our authorities would, so far, appear to have missed the import. But whensoever the writer may emerge who will give full account of the sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, parents and other relatives of our early ages who have been responsible for such spiritualization of the Irish domestic ideal, let it be hoped that he will induce due and particular reflection as to how in the life of our National Apostle the predomination of our family saints seems not merely encouraged but

explained. Surely there were special promptings of the hope of that spiritualized ideal in the mind of our Saints when he referred, as frequently in the *Confession*, to his Irish neophytes as "sons of Christ" and "children of God"; when he testified to the holiness and domestic sacrifice of St. Cinnu, daughter of the Clogher prince, Echu, or when he recorded how "the sons of the Irish and the daughters of chieftains are seen to become monks and virgins of Christ." It is, of course, generally known that some of the near kindred of St. Patrick accompanied him upon the Mission to Ireland. Foremost among the number were his sisters, St. Lupaith, who embroidered the sacred vestments and altar adornments for the church at Armagh, and St. Darracea, the latter being the mother of St. Mel, first Bishop of Ardagh, who gave St. Brigid, the National Patroness, her vows and veil. Several other nephews of our Apostle similarly assisted in his missionary labours, chiefly as priests, but in, at least, one notable instance—that of St. Auxilius, whom he left to rule over the faithful of Killossery (*Cill-Auxilli*), near Naas, Co. Kildare—as bishop. All, it may be observed, were of near kin with the great St. Martin of Tours.

But the most touching instance of blood-relationship among our saints is possibly that immortalised in the story of the *Baptism of Eithne the Fair and Fedelma the Red*, also given in the authentic accounts of the life of St. Patrick. These virgin-saints were the daughters of one of the fifth-century pagan monarchs—of Laoghaire, King of Leinster, say some ancient writers, though it was west of the Shannon, at Cruchan, in Roscommon, to be precise, that, attracted by the eloquence of our Apostle, they approached him, asking that the saving waters of Baptism should be poured upon their heads. To see face to face that Christ-God Whom he preached was the ultimate plea of the royal sisters, the *Tripartite Life* tells us. "But ye cannot see Christ" said St. Patrick, "unless ye first taste of death, and unless ye receive Christ's Body and His Blood." And the maidens answered: "Give us the Sacrifice that we may be able to see the Spouse." St. Patrick then offered Holy Mass, and "there by the fountain in the early morning, Eithne and Fedelma received the God for Whom their hearts thirsted. Then Death gently laid his hand upon them, and they fell asleep, and Patrick put them under one mantle in one bed." In like terms we read of the Maidens of Foculth Wood. These sisters were two of the children, now grown to womanhood, whose voices had called to the holy youth, Patrick, across the sea in supplication for the tidings of salvation. Patiently they had waited for him, feeling certain that he would eventually return as he had promised when in his slave-days they had befriended him. "Patrick baptised them, and gave them the veil of the Spouse of Christ."

That our early saints thus appraised the domestic ideal and the ideal of the Service of God through union with Christ as being almost one is, in conclusion, peculiarly appreciable in the fact that, even when not in blood-kindred, they stressed especial choice of spiritual sisterhood or brotherhood, one with another. Of this there are many outstanding evidences, notably of St. Brendan the Mariner, who claimed St. Enda of Arran as the brother appointed him by and in Christ Our Lord; of St. Brogan, who declared St. Brigid the sister of his soul, and of St. Ciar of Donaghmoyne, Co. Monaghan, called the spiritual sister of both St. Maccartan of Clogher and St. Tighernach of Clones.

As from the beginning, so to the end may the world of men be edified and spiritually aided by such continued procession between the Irish hearth and the cloister and vineyard of the Lord.

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All the promoters and supporters of this Magazine participate in the benefits of 434 Masses specially offered every year for benefactors, by the Passionist Fathers, as well as in the prayers and good works performed daily by all members of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion.

All Saints ~ and All Souls

.....@.....

A November Meditation

.....
*The real secret of sanctity is
correspondence with the graces
which God so liberally offers to
all of us. Those who seek God
faithfully will receive Him as
their reward for all eternity.*
.....

THE Church, in celebrating the great Feast of All Saints, desires to lift up the minds of her children above this earthly life, and to inspire them with the hope of attaining to the glory enjoyed in Heaven by the blessed, who have trod the ways of earth even as they. There is always a danger that we may forget the fact that we were, each one of us, created for Heaven, and that our life will only find its completion there. Our souls are like to God in this, that having once begun to exist they can never cease to be. This is why the everlasting bliss of Heaven is the only fitting destiny for the undying soul of man.

The reward which the saints are enjoying should stir us up to emulate their examples. If we are to fulfil our destiny, then this feast of All Saints is one day to be the feast of each one of us—man, woman, or child; priests, religious, and lay-folks alike. For a saint is one who serves God faithfully to the end, and having overcome, receives the victor's reward.

We are apt to deceive ourselves on this point. "I can never become a saint," cries the humble Christian. Yet Holy Scripture says that we are "called to be saints." The mistake lies in the misconception of what a saint really is. Some place sanctity in the working of miracles; yet it is not recorded in Holy Scripture that Our Lady, the "Queen of All Saints," ever worked any. The same can be affirmed of St. John the Baptist, who was canonized by Our Lord's own lips. Others place sanctity in the power of preaching and converting souls to God by the thousand, as St. Francis Xavier did; yet St. Joseph, the chosen representative on earth of God the Father, never preached a single sermon.

The real secret of sanctity is correspondence with the graces which God so liberally offers to all of us. Those who seek God faithfully will receive Him as their reward for all eternity. It rests with each one of us whether or not we are to form one of the "great multitude whom no man can number," who rejoice around God's throne. We all receive sufficient grace to reach that supreme reward, if only we be faithful to it.

After contemplating the glory of the saints in Heaven, and inciting ourselves to follow their example, we pass on, at the bidding of the Church, to consider those saints who have not yet reached their glory, but are still in the midst of "great tribulation" in the cleansing fires of Purgatory.

Animated by the spirit of the Church, the piety of devout Catholics has consecrated the whole of this month to the consideration of the sufferings of those Holy Souls, and to the practice of prayer for their speedy release. The cry of these suffering members of the Church ought to touch each one of us, and move us to pity for them. "My soul hath thirsted after the strong, living God, when shall I come and appear before the face of God." The words of the Psalmist express adequately their longing desire to see God. We cannot realise that intense thirst. They know how great is the beauty, how keen the bliss of the vision of God, and now their only desire is to gain it.

Amongst these pleading voices it may be that there are those of some once dear to us. A father or mother, brother or sister, husband or wife, may be calling to some of us. It may be that years have passed since we lost them, and their memory has grown dim; other faces and other voices have filled their



THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

From the famous painting by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel.

places, perhaps. It may be that we pray but seldom for them, and yet they are suffering intensely, and are calling upon us for help. And how bitter is their complaint: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

Or it may be that the voice of some former benefactor is raised in supplication, and now begs from us, in return for former bounties, the "cup of cold water"—the little prayer which has power to assuage somewhat that burning thirst. Many of these dear souls have a sacred claim upon us when we know that too often we have been jointly to blame for some, at least, of the faults they are now

expiating in Purgatory. They are suffering because we set them bad example ; or stung them to anger ; or gave them bad advice ; or, at least, withheld good advice ; palliated their defects ; or, perhaps, were over severe with them, etc.

Now, it is a necessary quality of a Christian that he behaves kindly to everybody, much rather that he be willing to share the burdens that he has himself imposed. In this we see that not only love, but justice, demands our prayers for the Holy Souls, and that praying for the dead is but a higher department of fair dealing.

They must have our help or none at all. Their communication with God for relief is through our generous deeds in their behalf.

The saddest feature of their lot is that they cannot help themselves. The poorest beggar in the world if he has a tongue, can ask for alms ; but these dear souls cannot utter a word of entreaty for themselves ; no, not even to God ; their misery is dumb.

What they long to have, we can help them to get ; and, meanwhile, we can ease their sorrows every day at every public service and private devotion, especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a most authentic Apostolic tradition that it assembles, and, as it were, divinizes all other pleas for God's mercy upon those who have departed this life. The Church, through our Holy Father, Benedict XV, has given permission, since 1915, to every priest to say three Masses on All Souls' Day. The first may be said for whomsoever the celebrant may desire ; the second, for all souls in Purgatory ; and the third, for the Holy Father's intention. Next in value to the Mass are the indulgences, both plenary and partial, which may be granted in so many ways ; and especially the Rosary, said on an indulgenced beads, is most powerful to help the Holy Souls. Then, there is the giving of alms to the poor in their name. You cannot hear their "thank you," nor see the peace and joy you bring them to their prison door ; but God sees, and their guardian angel sees ; and you may rest assured that, in return, their prayers will find favour for you with Him ; and, when your term comes for expiation, they will then perhaps belong to the Church Triumphant in Heaven, when it will be their joy and delight to do you a like service.

Be generous, therefore, and God will be generous to you accordingly.

Even though we close our ears to these pleaders, shall we remain deaf to the voice of Our Lord Himself ? The members of His Mystical Body are in pain, and how can He remain silent ? Long ago, on Calvary, He said, "I thirst." That cry still resounds on behalf of His dear ones in Purgatory. He has promised that a cup of cold water given to one of His little ones in His Name shall be rewarded as though bestowed upon Himself.

Let us not shut our ears, then, to all these pleading voices. It is in our power to help these suffering brethren, and that without much cost to ourselves. Indeed, by aiding them, we are laying up treasures for the time to come. Every soul we help to release now will become one of our special intercessors when we stand in sore need, as they do now. If no higher motive has power to move us, self-interest alone should spur us on to make some little sacrifice for those who are crying to us for aid.

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Gain or Loss

The sinner said : "There now remains
A just appraisal of the theft,
And counting losses with the gains
I find that there is nothing left."

P. J. McGUIGAN.

Pass of the Spears

.....

PIARAS CARR

The three blades were poised like tongues of silver light. "On guard!" came the warning, and one of the swords flashed down. The other two leaped to life. Derevan advanced; his blade flicked in relentlessly. Fitzmichael countered but the other bore in relentlessly :: :: ::

LORD DEREVAN sipped his wine appreciatively; the full rich flavour seemed to impart some of its own spirit of contentment and ease. As he glanced around the room, the feeling grew. The great velvet hangings, the wonderful gilt fittings and massive furniture, gleaming richly in the light—all made him a man well satisfied, revelling in the things of the moment. And then that tiny imp began to torment him: was it worth the forfeiture of—He rose from his chair and crossed over to the window; the movement seemed to soothe his mind. He went out on to the balcony: the breeze was cool, the sky was jewelled. Why should he worry about the past—or about the future, for that matter? He was still in his prime; he could still hold his own with any young buck; his nerve was perfect, his swordsmanship excellent. Why—

"Good-evening," said a voice, from somewhere below him. Derevan started and peered down. A shadow moved from beneath a tree into the white moonlight.

"My lord Derevan, I presume?" and the stranger swept his great plumed hat off and bowed extravagantly.

There was a faint mockery in the gesture which irritated Derevan.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he replied, coldly, watching the insolent face below, with its thin-clipped moustache and hard lines. Even as he watched, vague recognition began to stir in his memory.

"I have the honour—or otherwise—to be your cousin—at your service—Captain Desmond Fitzmichael, of His Majesty's ——" He smiled as he saw that Derevan was startled.

"Desmond! . . . I thought you were in France," he exclaimed rather lamely.

"Until recently; but His Majesty has turned from war for a time, and I've come back on—business."

There was a pause, and when Fitzmichael spoke again, the mocking caress of his voice had given way to a cold earnestness.

"John!"—there was something terrible in the familiarity—"some years ago, you did me an injustice, you did more, you betrayed your country and your faith—all to gain my title and estates. Being an injustice, it was also an insult. I've come to ask satisfaction. . . ."

Silence. . . . To Derevan, it was a silence in which all things had ceased to exist. Security . . . position . . . life . . . were trembling in the balance. Yet, he did not feel any positive fear—just a vague numbness at the suddenness of the challenge.

"I accept . . . " he found himself saying, almost incoherently.

"And your choice?" The question came crisply.

Choice? Rapiers, of course. . . . Derevan found himself at last. His mind cleared. He was confident of his swordsmanship.

"Rapiers," he replied, coolly and calmly.

"Would you please to accompany me now? My man is waiting some way off." How business-like and prosaic the whole thing was.

"What about my seconds?" Derevan asked.

The other laughed. "I'm afraid it will be rather an alfresco affair—in the moonlight."

Derevan passed along the balcony and down the stone steps to the garden below. He joined Fitzmichael, and together they walked through the garden. Everything was unnaturally still. The fountain fell almost without a splash into its pool; a statue gleamed faintly in the shadows.

They passed silently through a side gate and down a short avenue, then through another gate, and they were out on the road, where the dust lay chalky-white in the light.

Fitzmichael strode along quickly, his great cloak caught up about him; Derevan's buckles and braid twinkled daintily in the rays of the moon.

After a while, they turned off the road, and only then did Derevan realise that they were going towards the mountains. The gorse now rippled about their feet; now and again they saw the stars in some still pool; once they passed a silver waterfall. . . . It all seemed such a fairyland of light and shadow, but to Derevan at least, the silver was gashed with crimson.

They were on higher ground now: great grey domes of rock loomed up from the brown barren earth. They topped a spur of the mountain. Below them on the other side, the ground dipped down sharply and then rose again to the dim heights. Through the gap thus formed, ran a road—Derevan could plainly see it winding along till it dropped behind a jut of mountain. Just below him, one on either side of the road, rose two great shafts of rock, narrowing towards the top, barbaric and splendid in their mysterious isolation.

Derevan recognised the place: it was called the Pass of the Spears.

As they came down near the road, a man stepped from one of the giant "spears" towards them. Like his master, he was cloaked; his hat hid his face. He spoke no word, but Derevan felt two hidden eyes piercing him through. He took one of the rapiers which the man held out to him and tested it, mechanically. Fitzmichael took the other. The man watched both of them.

Derevan looked around, and saw what he had seen before: the white road, the mountains towering up into blackness, the two great rocks pointing up to the star-set sky. . . . He took off his outer coat; Fitzmichael was waiting with his cloak off.

The man raised his sword; the two others slanted up towards it. The three blades poised like tongues of silver light. "On guard!" came the warning, and one of the swords flashed down. The other two leaped to life.

Derevan advanced; his blade flicked in relentlessly. Fitzmichael countered, but the other bore in and he stepped back one pace . . . two paces . . . three. Derevan cut down viciously and thrust in. But Fitzmichael struck up his rapier and the blade slid over his shoulder. Derevan, however, still kept on the offensive and his opponent contented himself for the while with parrying his strokes. Derevan lunged towards his breast. Fitzmichael knocked it across, but the swing of his rapier left him open. . . . Derevan's blade passed through his arm.

Derevan permitted himself a grim smile, and then cursed for not having pushed his advantage. Fitzmichael fought back at him fiercely, desperately. They were back in the centre of the road now. The dust eddied in little swirls about them. Derevan's buckles no longer twinkled.

Cut, thrust, parry . . . cut, thrust, parry . . . Derevan found his arm aching horribly; Fitzmichael's left sleeve was crimson. Derevan dropped his guard for an instant: the other came in. Derevan parried, but he had to give way. He retreated till he touched one of the Spears. And Fitzmichael kept him there.

Riposte . . . but Derevan countered. Fitzmichael tried a trick he had learnt at Nantes. He touched the tip of Derevan's blade with his own, and carried it along his own. Derevan's rapier twisted away.

Fitzmichael lunged in. . . .

* * * * *

Father Kernan's mare whinnied softly. The priest urged her forward again

and wondered what had disturbed her. He had just left a mountain shieling on Carrigaitinn; a few minutes' ride would bring him to the Pass of the Spears.

The mare whinnied again. The priest halted. Somewhere close by a torrent rushed its way down the slope; the wind whispered through the gorse. Nothing else—except the clash of steel.

He rode on swiftly and rounded the bend which brought him into sight of the Pass. He saw the two great shafts of rock, the two figures moving at one of them, another figure a little way off, watching, the leap of deadly brightness.

"Hold!"

Even as he shouted, one of the duellists drove in; the figure nearest the rock swayed and fell. The next thing the priest knew was that he was on his knees beside the fallen man. The front of the silk vest was crimson; death was hovering above the mighty spears.

The victor stood over him, breathing heavily. The tip of his rapier stained the dust.

"Are you a doctor, sir?" he enquired. There was a faint insolence and no solicitude in his voice.

Father Kernan looked up, tight-lipped and stern.

"I am a priest," he replied. Fitzmichael was silent. When the priest turned back again, Derevan had opened his eyes.

"A priest?" he gasped. His face was seared with agony. Father Kernan nodded gently.

"Con—confession. . . ." The word came with a wonderful, a pitiful eagerness.

The priest motioned Fitzmichael and the servant away. They stood in silence.

"*Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis. . . .*" The words came faintly. Then there was silence again—a pregnant peace-breathing silence. The priest came over to them.

"He is gone," he said simply. "Will you help me to bring him to a shelter along the road?"

* * * * *

The mountains towered up into blackness. The two great shafts of rock rose up heavenwards, barbaric and splendid in their mysterious isolation. Only the dust was stained in places.

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In Memoriam

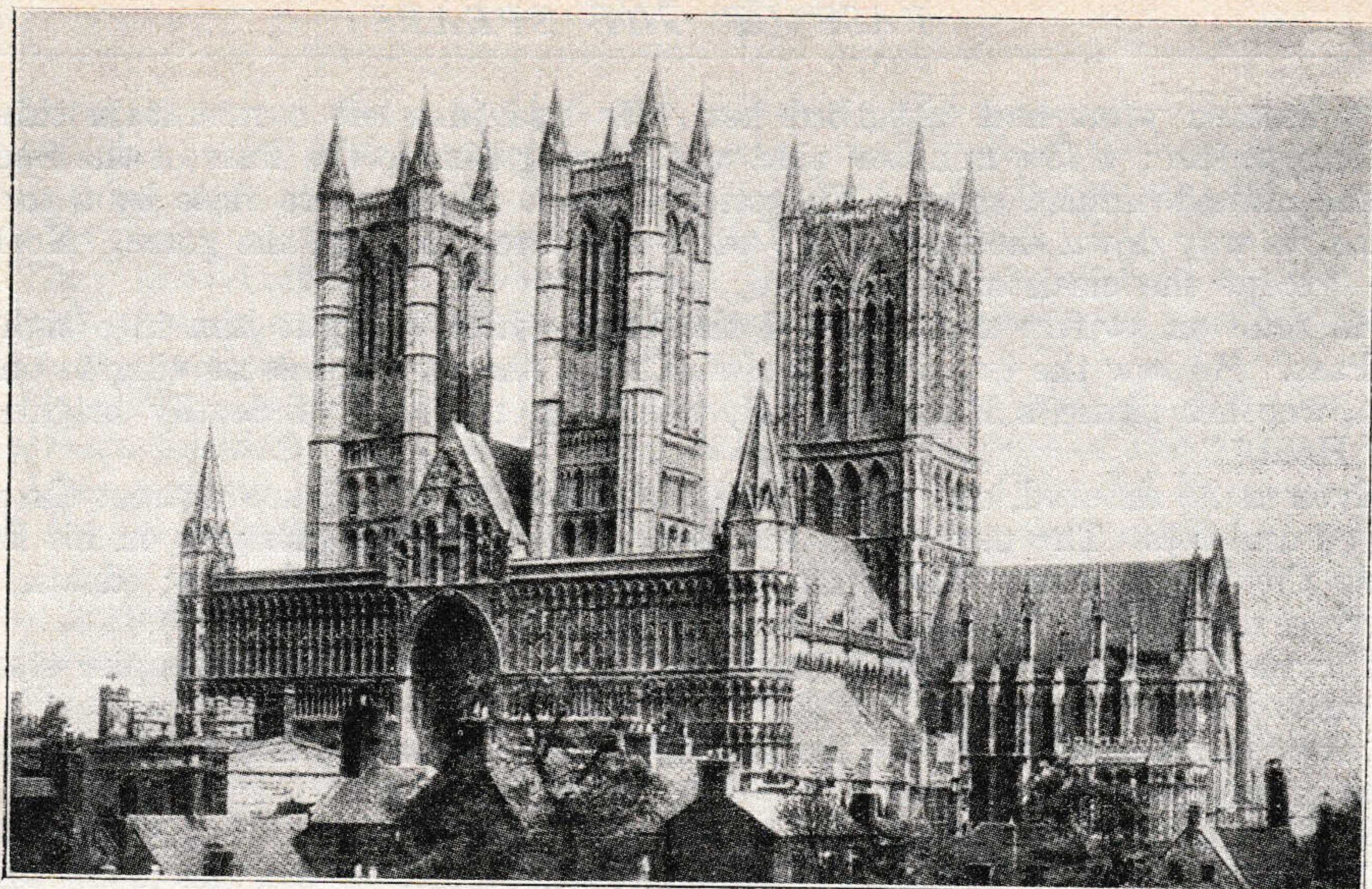
"Every best gift, and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights"; and not the least of these best gifts is a good wife and a good mother.

Farewell! to wish thee back to life,
How selfish and how vain,
To stir the settled waves of strife,
In that calm heart again—
To call thee back again to bear
The long-borne load of toil and care,
O'er earth's rough path of pain;
And raise the lids of those closed eyes,
To gaze once more on clouded skies.

No! hushed be nature's yearnings now,
Let sorrow's voice be stilled,
There lives no trace on that broad brow,
Of wishes unfulfilled!
The heavenly hush of answered prayer.
The calm of cloudless peace is there,
The saint's last sleep to gild,
'Twere more than crime to mar a rest,
So tranquil—so supremely blest!

Supremely blest—for o'er that sleep,
The promise breathes its spell,
Replete with joy for eyes that weep,
And hope for hearts that swell.
The promise of a day of light,
When dust and spirit shall unite
Again in bliss to dwell.
And this cold form of earthly clay,
Shall rise to live in endless day.

JOHN P. GUNNING.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: A superb example of English Gothic style.

Let's Look at our Church

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JOHN GIBBONS

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A scholar might brush this article aside as merely superficial; but I'd like to see the scholar squeeze down nineteen centuries of church-building into a story of two thousand words or so. This will give you a new interest in your own church.
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YOUR church is the building where you go to Mass, but did you ever have an eye for exactly how it was built? Is it in the Gothic style, or is it Classical or Romanesque or what? No, this is not going to be a technical article for scholars. I am not a scholar myself; and then any article in this paper has got to be interesting to ordinary people like me and probably you. In a very short, sketchy sort of way, this might be quite an interesting little subject.

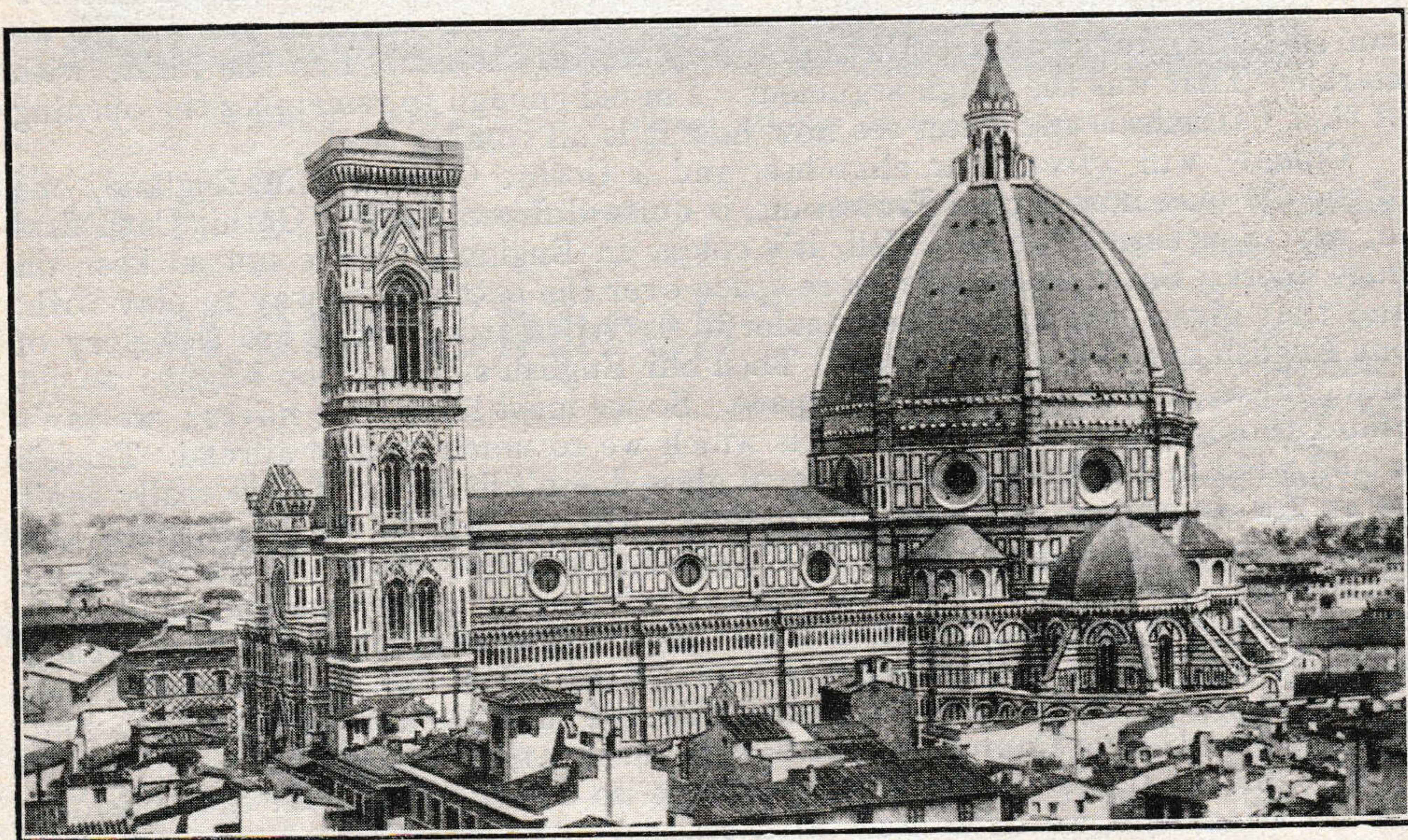
Let's begin by considering the very simple case of building a brand-new church to-day, and it is astonishing how very un-simple a business it is and how many points have to be considered. Well, obviously there's money! There's also the site; is that new church going to be in a main street half-way up a hill with a commanding position, or is it somewhere tucked round a corner? There is material. Is there a local stone-quarry, or will everything have to be shipped in? There's also time to consider. When will you be wanting your new church? As soon as possible, of course; yes, but circumstances may differ. Look at, say, your Irish Westport, to which I happen to have been. Now there you wanted a big new church to hold a lot of people for the Croagh Patrick pilgrimages, and providing that it had all the beauty and dignity possible you really wanted it quickly; and you built it of concrete. But look at the new cathedral for my English Liverpool. We want that, but we may be another hundred years or so finding the money. Meantime the people in Liverpool have got plenty of other places to go to Mass. So while we are waiting a century or so, we may as well build it of stone.

It's odd how those and other circumstances have affected nearly all church-building, both ancient and modern. Look at my London Westminster Cathedral, red-brick and what we call Byzantine architecture, that business with the huge domes. Well, it would have been very nice to have had a great church like the Protestant St. Paul's Cathedral. But then St. Paul's has a site. It was built just after the Great Fire of London, and so its part of London was largely built round St. Paul's; it has got a site in a million. But there are no sites like that in modern-day London; we had to take what we could get, so to speak round a corner. A St. Paul's wouldn't have shown up in the Westminster site. We must have something with a great tower that can show up above the roofs. Then what about a Gothic steeple? Yes, but a Gothic church isn't finished until it's all complete, if you see what I mean. It's nothing until it's finished. We want a cathedral badly to use at once, but we haven't the money to do this Westminster Cathedral all at once; we must find some other way. So the great architect put up that Byzantine dome business with a huge shed of red brick. We've got our cathedral. It shows up well and it is all ready to use. Those bricks will mellow with London soot; also as money comes in for the next hundred years or so we can go on improving our cathedral. We can, for instance, line the inside with marble. That was the rough argument. I'm old enough to remember the opening of that Cathedral, and I can see now how it is all coming true.

Climate will affect your churches, and a Gothic Cathedral in England, one of the old ones now turned Protestant, is quite different from a Gothic Cathedral in, say, Southern France. Well, it's colder in England; we're not so keen on huge doors. So we may have more space over the actual door-way to play with, and that gives us some of the wonderful carved statues which are the glory of our English mediaeval cathedrals. Then our English sun isn't too bright; to get any light at all we want plenty of space. So we must have wide naves; we can't afford those marvellous little chapels which we so much admire abroad. There's a cold wind in England, and mediaeval glass doesn't fit too well; we really can't go in for enormous expanses of windows. On the whole, we have space and dignity, but we largely miss that light-and-shadow effect of the Southern cathedrals. Well, the sun was in a way their enemy; they wanted shade. It has all affected national architecture. Even politics can affect our churches. Take Finland, a country which I have visited. Now the Finns for centuries lived first under Sweden and then under Russia; they are now their own masters. We want no Gothic Churches, they say in effect; the Swedes had Gothic architecture and we don't want it. No, we want no domes either; all that business was Russian, and we have done with Russia. And the Finns have started to build their churches in a brand-new modernist style of their own. Now I am English, and you don't imagine that I am going to argue politics in an Irish paper! But don't you rather think that the same thing is happening in the new Ireland? Look at, say, Waterford Catholic Cathedral as representing the old regime, and then turn to, say, the great new Church of Christ the King in that Cabra suburb of Dublin. Mightn't you say that the new church had been built as deliberately different as possible!

And now what is all this we're talking about, Gothic and Classical and all the rest? And let's begin by saying that I am trying to write for readers of about my own education and not to boil down a history of architecture into a couple of thousand words! Putting it roughly, Classical meant Greek or Roman, and it's that style you see with a flat roof and generally great pillars in front; like, say, the Dublin Pro-Cathedral. It varies in details; decorate your pillars this way and we call them Doric, or do it some other way and call them Ionic, but roughly it's all the same idea. Take two big stones and set them up on edge; take another big stone and lay it across the top. There's your primitive house; the child's box-of-bricks style of building. Also it was the Roman style; the

Romans were a singularly practical people. That, extremely roughly, and compressing a few thousand books into the space of a sentence, is what we mean by Classical architecture ; it's how the ancient Romans built and it's how the modern Italians generally still build, and all over Europe you'll find churches more or less copied from that style. Then there's Gothic, and you get the rough idea of that if you put your two hands together with the finger-tops touching ; we call it Gothic because it came from the north, and scholars say that the original suggestion was from an avenue of trees with their topmost branches leaning inward and so making a pointed roof. It's a pointed roof, you see, not a flat one that gives us our Gothic. It varied, it developed with the ages. There's Norman and Perpendicular and Transitional and Decorated and so forth. But it's all Gothic, the pointed roof. Then there's what we call Byzantine ; that came from what we used to know as Constantinople, when as Byzantium it was almost the rival of Rome. It was semi-Eastern, of course, and so it got its domes and all that ; it went different ways in different countries, and so you had, say,



SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE: THE CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE.

To the left is the separate Campanile, designed by Giotto in 1334.

that Russian style with onion-top domes. Now these three styles make the rough base of practically every church that we European Catholics are ever likely to see.

They got varied by history and climate and all sorts of causes. So the Moslem Turks took Constantinople, and all the Christians who could get out got out ! Lots of their scholars would come to Western Europe and bring their learning with them. So we got the Renaissance, the re-birth of the ancient Classical culture. Gothic architecture got a check, and we began building Romanesque churches, the old Roman style mixed with domes and a touch of the East. We developed odd variations in different countries. There was Portuguese Manoeline style ; Manoel was their King in their great days when Portugal was conquering the East. Why not tell the Portuguese at home something of what is happening ? So a Manoeline church is ancient Gothic blended with Moorish from the Africa they were conquering, plus decorations like great stone elephants copied from the

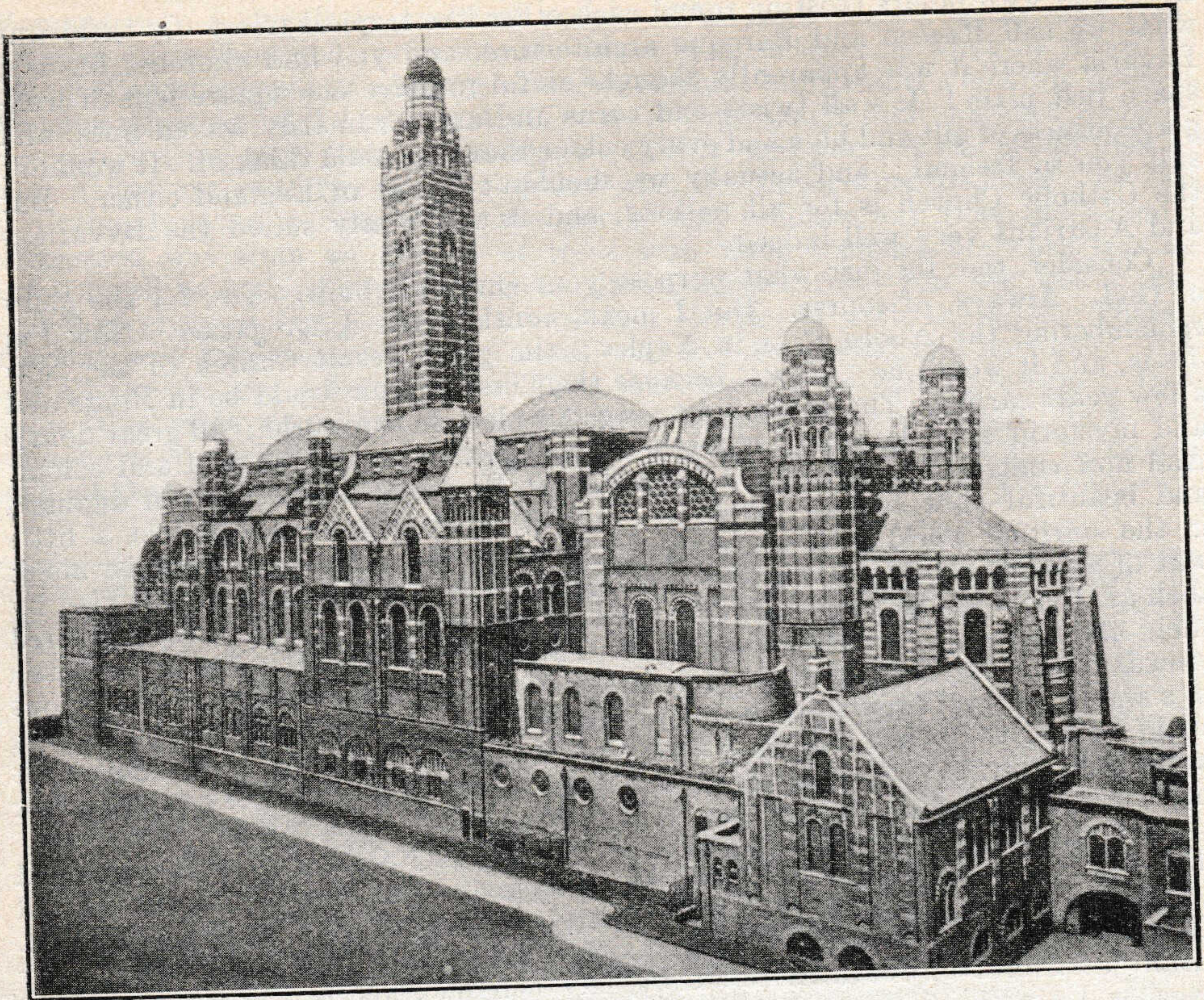
East, and with pillars twisting round each other like tropical trees. Or there was what we call Rococo and Baroque architecture, and you find churches in, say, Bavaria where it was apparently thought sinful to leave one square foot of wall-space just plain! It's all twists and turns and extraordinarily waved lines, and gorgeousness of gilt and blue and every colour that you could think of. It wouldn't suit you in Ireland; and actually we shouldn't like it in England either. But the Catholic Church is for all nations, and it apparently suited the Bavarians and Austrians very well indeed.

Consider, too, for just what purpose your church is built. Yes, for the glory of God. Always, of course. But I mean, consider the congregation. Now I'm remembering the *Nuovo Gesu* in Naples; the great Jesuit Church of the New Jesus, and it would be "New" because their first church would be in Rome and a few years earlier. That's the most gorgeous place in the world; all great domes and mysterious shadows and marvellous carvings and a riot of gold and colour. And now contrast it with, say, the Church at Mount Melleray, big and dignified and beautiful—but severe. Well, a Trappist monk has advanced just a little in the spiritual world! He doesn't want a riot of colour. In a Trappist-monk sort of way, he would probably be much annoyed at having his senses tickled by such an appeal to the emotions; Trappist monks are supposed to have conquered their emotions. Yes, but those Jesuit Fathers were building for Neapolitan crowds of the sixteenth century, dirty if you like, superstitious if you like, religious in a way (plenty of Saints came out of Naples) but as emotional a people as you could find in the world. That *Nuovo Gesu* would be all wrong for Trappists; it would probably be all wrong for anyone in Ireland. But it was exactly right for sixteenth-century Naples.

Not only the Jesuit Fathers but other of the older Orders as well, developed their particular styles of church. So the Franciscans and the Dominicans wanted a place to preach in; and let's have plenty of wall-space to hang pictures on. Those famous paintings which to-day hang in art galleries were originally mostly meant as literal object lessons. Here, my congregation mostly cannot read; so when I am telling them about something in the Bible, let me be able to point to a picture of it. That was about the rough idea. Now a Benedictine abbey wasn't primarily supposed to be popular. Its real object was for the rendering of the Mass and the Divine Offices with the utmost dignity possible. The congregation was a comparatively minor object.

That reminds me, by the way, that there were next to no Benedictine abbeys in Ireland; all sorts of other abbeys, but not as a rule Benedictine abbeys. The Irish, whether you know it or not, have got their peculiarities exactly the same as any other nation, and your temperament apparently didn't fit in with the precise Benedictine atmosphere. Incidentally of course, every nation's temperament affects, not its Catholicism of course, but its interpretation of the exterior manifestation of Catholicism. Would you like to know one point in which you strike an Englishman as different? Well, there are comparatively few Catholic churches in England which have three priests, so we comparatively rarely have a real High Mass. But we get the nearest we can to it, and every little church in England will have its principal Sunday Mass with all the ritual possible and the Asperges and six candles and plenty of music. But outside Mount Melleray which is not a parochial church and doesn't quite count, I think that only once I have ever heard High Mass in Ireland; and that was at Waterford Cathedral. Every country has, within limits, developed its churches in its own way.

History, too, will affect your church. It has affected your Catholic churches in Ireland, and mine, too, in England. A Catholic church in England built, say, a century ago is generally down a back street, and it usually makes as little show as possible. It looks like a temperance hall or something of the sort. We didn't want to make much show. Our Catholicism was not popular; we didn't want



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

A Byzantine style adapted by Bentley to modern needs.

our windows broken. Now come on fifty years, and times had changed. We dare advertise a little, so to speak; let us build a place like, say, the London Brompton Oratory and make a bit of a splash! We will show them that the Catholic Church is still alive. You'll find very much the same sort of thing in Ireland.

Just have a look at your church, and remember that everything in it has a meaning of some sort. When the priest reads the Gospel on the north side of the Altar, he is really turning to the barbarians of Northern Europe who were the last to hear the Gospel. When you get your baby baptized, the baptistery is at the end of the church and almost outside it. It really symbolises a separate building altogether, and in ancient times you couldn't come into the church proper until you had been baptized. Go to, say, Pisa in Italy, and you will see the main body of the Cathedral, a big round building which is the Baptistery, and a great tower for the bells. They are three separate buildings. In, say, a suburb of Dublin we can't do that; we haven't the money and we haven't the space in land. But our font still stands as nearly outside the church proper as we can get it.

If this article gets into print and you read it, you will not think, will you, that it is telling you everything? A scholar would brush it aside as merely superficial, but I'd like to see the scholar squeeze down nineteen centuries of church-building into a story of two thousand words or so! All that I have dared even to try to do is to remind you of a new interest in your own church.

Portrait of an Artist

PATRICK M. CASEY

In vain he protested that he was an artist. They only laughed at him and pushed him into line with the others. He heard the officer rap out a command, and a score of rifles were levelled. He closed his eyes waiting for the end ::

WITH a sigh of relief Hubert Ferrand sank into the long luxuriant grass that carpeted the hillside. It was mid-summer and the heat of the sun made the climb up more tiresome than usual. His companion Louis Mainville followed his example, but in a more leisurely fashion. Both were about twenty years of age, and were students of St. John's College, which nestled in the valley about a mile from where they lay.

Below them lay the broad valley of the Loire, fairest of the valleys of France. The wide expanse of river lay before them, a bright blue under the summer sun and a cloudless sky. From their seat on the hillside they had a view of the river for miles, to the east and west, as it wound its way through the green fields, past wooded slopes on its way to the sea.

A cool breeze blew from the west bearing on its wings a breath of the sea. The tall grass on the hillside bowed before it, it ruffled the river into thousands of tiny waves, and it sighed through the tall trees about St. John's, rocking them gently to and fro, before it carried its cooling message along the sun-scorched valley.

The boys were grateful for the cooling wind after the heat of the valley floor. In silence they gazed on the scene below. They had admired it many times before, but this time was to be the last. They had finished their schooldays and now they had come to the parting of the ways.

Each knew that the other had already planned out his life. They had spoken of the future many times during the past year, but this evening they said nothing about it. Hubert Ferrand was to go to the Seminary to prepare for the priesthood, while Louis Mainville was to go to Paris to study painting.

Even as they sat a stranger might easily guess the future of each as reflected in his person and habits. Hubert Ferrand, low-sized, ruddy of face, son of a Captain of the Nantes Army, with his studious face and collected look could have no other future than that of a man of books. His companion on the other hand, was spare of build, almost frail, with a gentle face, and the long tapering hands that proclaimed the artist.

For indeed as it was he could scarcely be anything else. Son of a silk merchant from Provence, lately set up in business at Nantes, he had brought with him all the love of colour and song of the land of the troubadours. Even as he sat by the side of his companion he was busy making a sketch of the scene before him. Having finished it he passed it to his comrade, who looked it over carefully and replied: "It is wonderful Louis," he said. "You have talent. You will do well in Paris. Some day you will be famous and then perhaps you will forget your old friends."

In reply Louis laughed, a low musical laugh that carried a depth of feeling in it.

"One does not forget one's friends so easily Hubert," he replied. "And besides, it is the scene that is really wonderful; one does not see the likes every day."

"Better than anything in the Rhone Valley?" his companion inquired, a smile on his face. It was an old subject of debate between them.

"Oh, well, they are not to be compared," he stood up as he spoke. "Here you have a peaceful river valley scene with green plains stretching to the skyline. In the south you have the roaring torrents, the snow-capped mountains, the purple hillsides, their slopes covered with orange blossoms. It is the only land I will ever love. Some day I will go back to paint the scenes I knew in my youth. But come, we must be going. It has grown cold with sunset and we have a good walk before us."

And together they wound their way towards where the college nestled in the valley, among the trees.

* * * * *

Louis Mainville shuddered as he gazed from the window of his garret-studio on the scene that lay before him. It was not the cold that caused him to shudder, for the month was April, and already spring was in the air. It was the year of '71 and Paris was in the throes of a civil war, and a war that put the horrors of the Revolution in the shade by the ferocity with which it was fought.

For ten years, ever since he had left St. John's, he had lived in Paris. The success which had crowned his early years seemed to have deserted him of late. He was reduced to living in a garret which served as studio and living quarters. At first he had kept up a fairly regular correspondence with his friend Hubert Ferrand, but as the years passed and success eluded him he had ceased to write altogether.

This morning he was restless and paced the room from the window to the door. He had tried to pass the time by making charcoal sketches, but the constant roar of the big guns and the noise of the distant battle had unnerved him and he threw it up in disgust. As he passed the large mirror on the wall he noticed black splotches on his face. He stopped to examine the cause and found that in his trouble of mind he had rubbed his charcoal-stained fingers to his face. He tried to rub it off, but only daubed it the more. So he let it alone and continued to pace the floor.

Having tired of walking he came to the opened window and gazed out. A pall of smoke hung over the city to the south and west. The "Communards" he guessed, were burning the city before the advancing troops, as they had threatened to do. During the past couple of days he had heard tales of the terrible doings of the mob. He had never ventured very far from his room for the past week, as the streets were unsafe.

As he gazed idly down the long street, he perceived that it was being rapidly filled up by a shouting, gesticulating crowd. He saw that they were moving quickly down the street in his direction. At first he took them for a mob fleeing before the troops, but as they came nearer he noticed a figure running in advance of the others.

And then he took in the situation at a glance. By his dress he guessed that the figure was none other than a priest fleeing before the furious mob. He saw that he was rapidly losing ground and in a short time would be captured. He flung open the door of his room, bounded down the stairs, hurriedly opened the street door just as the fleeing figure drew level with it on the opposite side of the street.

He waved and shouted to him as he came up. The figure halted, looked behind him, then rushed across the street and through the doorway. Louis had barely slammed the door when the foremost figure hurled himself against it.

"To the roof," he shouted, above the din outside, as the priest stood panting and trembling at the foot of the stairs. The priest having recovered his breath quickly mounted the stairs whilst Louis made fast the door-bolts. The door would not stand much battering, he knew, so he raced to his room for his pistol. With this he expected to be able to defend the stairway.

The pounding on the door ceased suddenly and it was followed by angry

cries from the street. He peeped through the window. Sweeping down on the mob he saw a line of bayonets. He almost shouted in his joy. The Versailles troops at last. The mob, taken by surprise, fled down the street, but some were killed by the bayonets of the soldiers, while others were captured.

In his excitement at the sudden turn of affairs he had stuck his head and shoulders through the window.

A soldier looking up saw him and called his officer's attention. In an instant a group of soldiers were pounding with their rifle butts on the door. He hurriedly withdrew his head, a cold fear clutched at his heart. He descended the stairs to open the door. On opening it he was faced by two soldiers with levelled rifles, bayonets dripping red.

They pulled him roughly into the street.

"This is another rebel dog, I suppose," said the officer. "Look at his face—black, gunpowder. Shoot him with the others!"

It was in vain he protested that he was an artist and it was charcoal that stained his face. They only laughed at him and pushed him down the street. They came to where some of the captured mob were lined up against a wall. They pushed him into line beside the others. The soldiers stood in line on the opposite side of the street.

In a sort of a dream he heard the officer rap out a command and a score of rifles were levelled at the line of men. He closed his eyes waiting for the end. Would it ever come? It seemed hours since the officer gave the first command. He opened his eyes to see what caused the delay. On doing so he beheld a small figure in black talking excitedly to the officer. They were looking his way. His heart gave a bound with delight. It was the priest he had saved from the mob.

They were walking towards him now. And then in a flash he recognised the small red-faced figure. It was Hubert Ferrand. In an instant they were in each other's arms. He heard the officer mutter something, it sounded far away. He heard Hubert saying close to his ear:

"I was nearly late Louis. I saw it all from the roof, but it took me a long time to recognise you."

Louis said nothing. He was almost choking. The priest led him by the arm down the street towards the open doorway. As he was about to enter the house he heard a volley of rifle-fire. Looking over his shoulder he saw a line of bodies fall on the street. He looked at the priest. He could see his lips move in prayer as he led the way up the stairs.

.....O.....

All Souls Day (Feast: November 2nd)

When I lie dead, for die I must,
The body's but the spirit's crust;
Shed for me but one quiet tear,
When I am stretched upon the bier,
Let no unwonted wails arise
To pierce the tired, endless, skies;
Let no harsh weeping sear thy face
If I do die in peace and grace.

Let no orations false be said
Above my still, defenceless head;
My virtues praise, though they be few,
But make me no strange graces new.
Put on for me no sable garb.
Why add to loss another barb?
Let none to me fair flowers give;
Give living things to them that live.

Let no strange footsteps follow me
To my deep grave beside the sea.
But this, I ask of thee, my friend,
When my short earthly life shall end,
Pour forth for me in ceaseless stream
Thy prayers, that they may brightly gleam
Like jewels before the face of Him
Who sees the soul's scars, wounds, and sin.

MARGARET CHARTERIS,
in *Sydney Morning Herald*.

“We Preach
Christ
Crucified”



“unto them that
are called . . .
the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXXV.—JESUS SPEAKS TO HIS MOTHER AND ST. JOHN.

The first word of Jesus on the Cross: “Father forgive them” was spoken at the very beginning of the Crucifixion, and the second, to the repentant thief, followed shortly afterwards.

The enemies of Christ, having now got their will, formed up into contented little groups according to their inclinations, and thus left open lane-ways through which passage could be made hither and thither.

Our Blessed Lady now saw her opportunity, and directing her devoted escort to remain in their places, so as not to attract much attention, she took John and his mother, Salome, Mary of Cleophas and Mary Magdalen, and with them moved up to the foot of the Cross.

No one paid any attention to them, except possibly the Centurion, who seems to have fallen under the spell of Our Blessed Lady since he had permitted her into the procession on the way to Calvary; a word from him to the guard would ensure her protection, and probably she and her friends were unknown to the bystanders. At any rate now “there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother and His Mother’s sister, Mary of Cleophas and Mary Magdalen” (John, XIX, 25).

Mary knew her Son’s innocence and why He subjected Himself to this unjust condemnation: a witness to His immaculate Birth, she is a witness to His redeeming Death—the only witness to both events. The friends who are with her now, were not with her in Bethlehem. Jesus and Mary were the only partners in the two greatest events in the plan of man’s redemption. St. Joseph was not on Calvary; neither her sisters, nor John, nor Magdalen were in the stable of Bethlehem; but they are none the less loyal to Jesus and Mary now, on that account.

These all did their best at the foot of the Cross, for the Lady they loved. But what could they do? Jesus alone could understand her grief. St. Bernard has tried to express it in words, of which this is a free quotation: “All the pangs of child-birth which Mary was spared in Bethlehem, she had to endure on Calvary, as many times multiplied as there are children born to her in the agony of the Cross, when Jesus made her the Mother of all mankind, every one of whom had been or was to be born in sin.”

Mary knew why Jesus suffered, and she bravely stood by His Cross of Death. . . . Stood. . . . Stood up more firmly than the rocks which trembled under her feet. “There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother, and His Mother’s sister, Mary of Cleophas and Mary Magdalen.”

“When Jesus therefore saw His Mother and His disciple (John) standing, He said to His Mother: ‘Woman behold thy son’: and after that He said to the disciple: ‘Behold thy Mother’” (John, XIX, 25-27). So in His last moments, Jesus thought of and provided for His Mother’s future.

Although St. John here calls Our Lady the *Mother* of Jesus, Jesus Himself addressed her as **Woman**.

Several good reasons are given for Jesus using the term "Woman." It seems to me that this is as good as any. They were both suffering to the limit of endurance, and it would have made it harder still for Mary at that moment to hear Jesus use that sweet, all-endearing word, Mother. She had enough to bear without that. After all, although she was the Mother of God, she was only a woman, and there was a limit to even her endurance, and Jesus was not going to break her down before that crowd. . . . Besides, had the vengeful priests known she was His Mother, it is possible they would in their frenzy, have nailed her up to the back of His Cross.

It will help us to understand a little of what Mary suffered, if we reflect that sorrow is proportionate to love. The measure of our love for any one, is the measure of our sorrow for that one. . . . Mary's love for Jesus was twofold. There was the love of her exquisite soul for God; she knew Who her Son was, and loved Him as God never was loved before or since. Then there was the natural love of a perfect mother for a Son who had been to her an ideal of perfection, in His charm, love, reverence, thoughtfulness and care for her. And with such love, what sorrow!

Nor is Mary's sorrow to end at the Cross, as does that of Jesus. He will arise and return to His Father; but for Mary there are the empty years of waiting; after having had His sensible Presence and all It meant to her, for so many years, she must continue her life without It.

Yet there was no remonstrance, no plea for pity, no thought for herself. More noble than the great mother of the Maccabees who stood and saw her seven sons slain, and bravely exhorted them to die for the honour of God, Mary stood by and encouraged her Son to die for sinful, thankless men.

When Jesus had spoken to His Mother, the sun began to hide its face; the shadows came, and then darkness settled over Calvary. Thus Jesus and Mary and their few most intimate friends were shut off from the multitude—a little group gathered together in loving sadness under the black wings of brooding death.

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

Jesus Crucified thinks of and provides for the future comfort of His Mother. She can endure SORROW. He now adds another object to her LOVE for Him. He appoints her Mother of all those He loves and is dying for. Mary has mothered you, and always will; sometimes in spite of yourself. What return have you made? Did you crucify her Son again before her eyes? Or like the sinless John and the penitent Magdalen, are you a comfort to her now?

PRAYER.

O Jesus we have sinned, but we thank Thee for bequeathing us to Thy Mother, and appointing her our Mother by Thy gift to St. John.

We love her, O dying Redeemer, for Thy sake and for her own sweet sake, and for many reasons; but most of all, we love her for standing by Thy Cross, and there, with sad eyes and tears on her cheeks, with brave heart and inestimable love, accepting us as her children.

We have been sinful children causing her many sorrows, but even when we brought tears to her eyes we loved her.

O Jesus grant us the grace never to sin again; and meriting by Thy crucifixion, to be a comfort to Thy sorrowful Mother, and children worthy of her love and care.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P

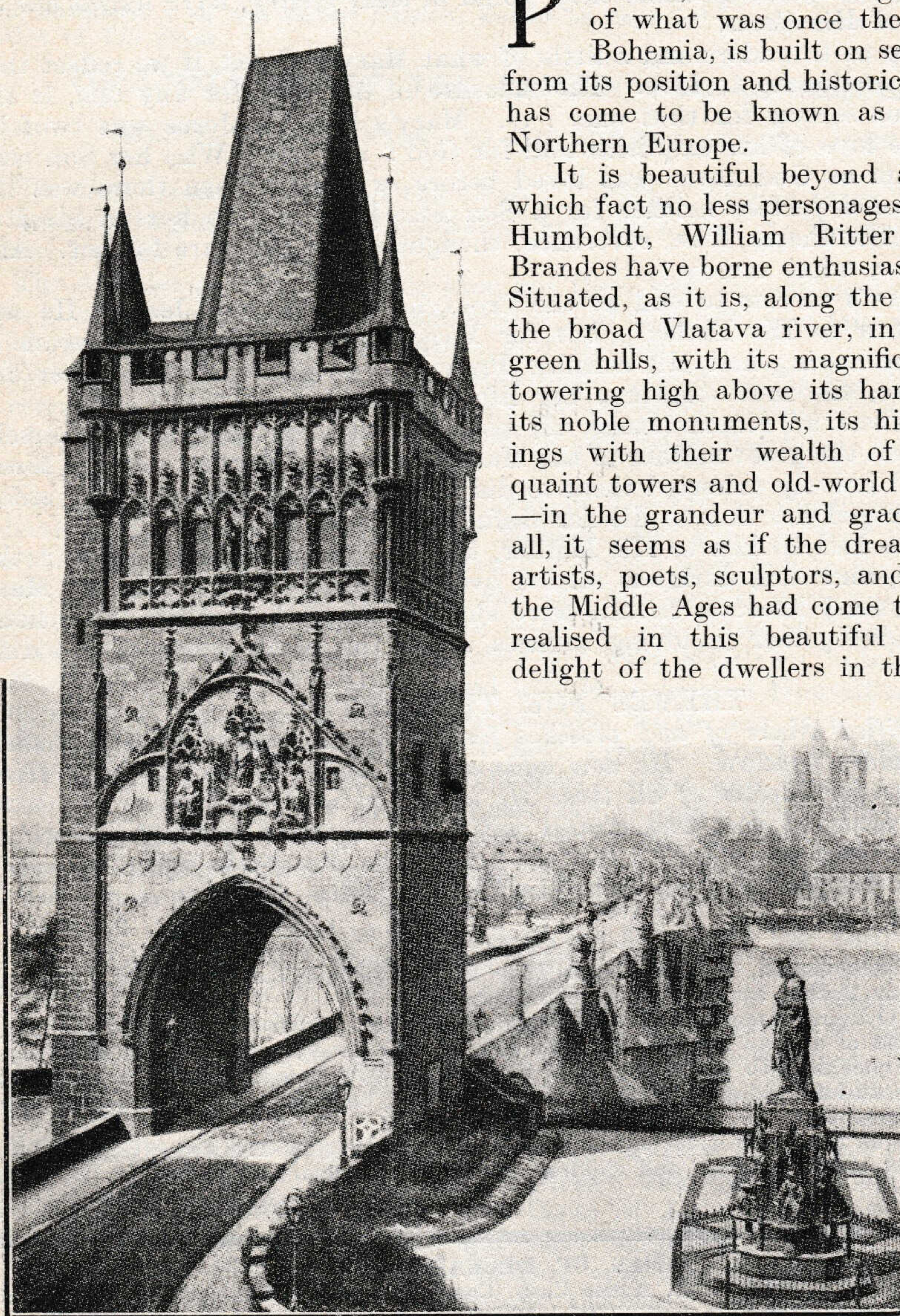
NAMES OF DECEASED.

V. Rev. Laurence Kinsella, P.P., Agnes Cash, Cassie Kilcourse, Rita Quinlivan, Hannah Cantwell, Carmel Casey, Martin Hackett, Patrick McCallum, Alice Kavanagh, Eugene O'Sullivan, Ellen O'Keefe, Margaret Pigott, Laurence Baggot, Patrick and May Mortimer, Christopher and Sarah Burgess.

Picturesque ~ ~ Prague

.....@.....
CATHAL O'BYRNE

.....
"Write something of Prague when you get home" said my friend.
"Tell something of its beauty to your own people in Ireland."
And here the author keeps the promise that he made :: ::
.....



PRAGUE, the old and glorious capital of what was once the Kingdom of Bohemia, is built on seven hills, and from its position and historical importance has come to be known as the Rome of Northern Europe.

It is beautiful beyond all telling, to which fact no less personages than Goethe, Humboldt, William Ritter and George Brandes have borne enthusiastic testimony. Situated, as it is, along the two banks of the broad Vlatava river, in its setting of green hills, with its magnificent Cathedral towering high above its hanging gardens, its noble monuments, its historical buildings with their wealth of statuary, its quaint towers and old-world thoroughfares—in the grandeur and graciousness of it all, it seems as if the dreams of all the artists, poets, sculptors, and architects of the Middle Ages had come true, and were realised in this beautiful city for the delight of the dwellers in these our days.

Prague has 700,000 inhabitants, of which 93 per cent. speak the Bohemian language. The majority of the people are Catholics, and the city has fifty-eight Catholic churches, each a treasure-house of art, containing priceless

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITY OF PRAGUE.
Showing Ancient Tower and Monument of Charles IV.

statues, carvings and paintings by Rubens, Correggio, Van Dyck, Holbein, Guido Reni and other equally famous artists—sublime monuments to the days “when men lived greatly great lives to great ends.”

Prague, the Golden, the hundred-towered, the dear mother Prague, as her children love to call her, is a city of dreams and legends. Every church and statue, every tower and bridge and building has its story of miracles, sieges, battles and heroisms.

Its very stones are eloquent of the wonderful love of beauty and the patriotism and self-sacrifice of its faithful people. “When throwing a stone through a window in Prague you throw with it a morsel of history,” wrote Count Lutzow many years ago, and to-day, in almost every case, the stone would shatter more beauty in a moment than could be replaced in a century. Well might a distinguished French critic, the aforementioned William Ritter, say, speaking of Prague :—“If Ruskin had not been so much occupied with Florence, Venice and Amiens, he might have written three volumes with the title ‘The Stones of Prague,’ and there would not have been on the surface of the earth a more beautiful book of history and architecture. There may be books beautiful perhaps in other respects, but none would be more beautiful in this particular.”

Rome excepted, the city is greyer and older and grander than any other we have seen, and yet there is a gaiety in its life, in its brilliant sunshine, in its very air, that is exhilarating. Here its people can still laugh from light hearts, and sit in the sun, and know the uses and the pleasures of leisure, and here, too, after all the centuries of turmoil, carnage and bloodshed, of sack and siege and famine, “the heart of a child still beats in the war-scarred breast of a nation.”

The sunny-natured, happy-hearted people of Prague! It is with them to-day as it was with their mighty forefathers when they builded their glorious city :—“Because they labour for their fellows, therefore they can laugh with them, and because they serve God, therefore they dare be glad.”

The city, as we have said, is old and grand and grey, but it is never sad. There is a concert in every café, and music and light and laughter everywhere. The dusky streets are always bright with life and colour and movement. Here a little company of soldiers swing past, smoking, laughing and chattering—a flash of blue and green and gold—there a woman in a yellow kirtle with a scarlet handkerchief about her head kneels for an instant before a Madonna set in the crumbling wall of a street corner, and prays for some dear one dead; yonder a crowd of children, secure from the heat and the glare, laugh and make merry in the great cool mouth of the courtyard of a palace built by the Dienzenhoffers.

It is all so beautiful, so fresh and picturesque that we, as it were, stand aloof and look on as in a dream, and it is with a glad sense of being a participant that we awake to the reality of it all.

“Write something of Prague when you get home,” said our friends, as we said farewell. “Tell something of its beauty to your own people in your own beautiful green Erinn,” they said, and we felt it would be but a simple duty in return for their warm hospitality and kindly comradeship.

But, where every tower and bridge, every palace and public building is of interest, where every church and shrine and statue is a thing of beauty, it is difficult to discriminate.

We might tell of the river gardens climbing high among the endless tiers of dormer windows and tiled mansard roofs, the numerous spires and towers which point to the sky like the full-eared stalks of a field of wheat, and high above all, like a picture woven in a magic veil, the dark silhouette of sacred “Hradcany,” the proudest medieval acropolis of Europe. We might write of the wonderful “Charles Bridge,” one of the city’s most remarkable structures, not only on account of its design and artistic character, but, above all, because of its beautiful situation.

This famous bridge was built by Charles the Fourth in 1357, but the bare structure was then only completed, without the statuary and other artistic ornamentations. It was only at the end of the seventeenth century that two statues of saints were placed above every arch. The bridge now contains thirty statues in all. These works have at different times been carried out by eminent sculptors, and being well-preserved, transform the Charles Bridge into an open-air gallery of saints' statues—the only art gallery of its kind in the world.

Before the seventeenth century the ornaments of the bridge were few. There was a devotional pillar, two or three very insignificant statues and a cross, originally of wood, but in 1648 replaced by one of stone presented by Ferdinand

the Third. It bears a Hebrew inscription, and was put up at the cost of a Jew in 1696 as a punishment for mocking this cross.

We could tell the long litany of beautiful churches which, like a rosary, enchain the city from hill to hill, beginning with the famous Cathedral of St. Vitus, which, situated on a high ridge above the river, its stately spires towering above the green wave of foliage that swells up from the water's edge, seems to hang in its green nest between the heaven above and the heaven in the deep, still stream below.

In the Cathedral is the Tomb of St. John Nepomecene, the patron saint of Prague, which, with the recumbent figure of the saint and four angels, life-size, is made of solid silver. Here also is the chapel of St. Wenceslaus, the walls of which are covered with precious stones set in gilt mortar. Next in importance comes



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF TYN.
On the left, the famous Town Hall Clock.

the church of St. Nicholas, with its marvellous dome; then follow in the order of merit the church of the Carmelites, with its world-famed statue—The Infant of Prague, the Church of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, the highest church in the city, with its splendid painting of "The Angelus" by Rainer, the chapel of the Assumption with its beautiful picture, after Titian, over the high altar, the church of St. Francis, the church of St. Thomas, with its altar-piece by Rubens; the chapel of Loreto, which has the richest treasury of any church in the country. The gold monstrance in this church is decorated with 6,580 diamonds.

These are but a few of the more notable of the glorious monuments with

which a faithful people have made their city one of the most beautiful and interesting in Europe, for in almost every street one may turn aside from the glare and hustle of the busy thoroughfares into one of these dusky, sun-pierced chapels of the dead, each with its wonderful treasury of statues and pictures; and the bones of its saints in their crystal coffins, gleaming white through its shadowy aisles.

But there is one other church we must mention, and though last, it is none the less important and interesting, especially to Irish people. It is the church attached to an old Monastery founded by Irish monks. It is situated in Hibernia Street, the first street in Prague into which we stepped from the railway station. And here in a garden in its quiet courtyard the first potatoes were planted. But that was long ago, and to-day the homely vegetable is served at every table in the Kingdom under the alluring name of "Brambury."

And we could tell also of the famous Horologue on the Tower of the Town Hall of the old Town. This wonderful clock was made by Master Hanns in the year 1490. It points and strikes the hours, both in the modern way and as in the Middle Ages, counting up to twenty-four. When the clock strikes the hour windows above the dial open, and you see walk out the Twelve Apostles and Christ giving a blessing. On each side are movable statuettes: Death, who rings a bell; a Turk who shakes his head; a Miser swinging a purse; and a Spendthrift holding a looking-glass. After the last stroke a cock crows.

This square of the Old Town in which the famous Clock Tower is situated, is the centre, not only of Prague, but of Czecho-Slovakia, whose fate has often been decided here. In the centre is a tall column surmounted by a gilt statue of the Blessed Virgin, and immediately opposite, indicated by crosses formed by white stones in the pavement, is the spot where the scaffold was placed upon which were beheaded the twenty-seven noblemen who led the revolt in 1621. A commemorating tablet in the Church of the Blessed Virgin of Tyn marks the place where the heads are buried. This Tyn church has the most beautiful Gothic doors in Prague, the carving of which represents every scene in the Passion of Our Lord.

By walking six or seven yards from the famous Square of the Old Town, with its up-to-date cafés and electric cars, we stepped across almost as many centuries. Just a few steps down that narrow crooked street, under this low, dark archway, and we were in the Town Court, once the centre of commerce, not only of the Town of Prague, but, in the Middle Ages, of the whole of Central Europe.

This courtyard contains the oldest houses in Prague, and is the most picturesque spot in a city justly famed for the picturesque. Here the little blue pigeons wheel against the strip of sky above or strut over the cobble stones of the Court, which lies half in brilliant sunshine and half in blue shadow. A woman with a copper pail in her hand and a crimson scarf wrapped about her dark brows stands at the shadowy doorway of an old palace, like a scarlet poppy against the great frowning mass of masonry, whose walls heard the horrors of the Thirty Years' War surge in the great square without, and break in a foam of blood among the stones where the little blue pigeons feed, and saw the flames eat the trellis and lick the peeling frescoes of the Italian villa opposite, from the loggia of which a dark-eyed matron leans above her flowers and laughs across the quiet space to a young girl sewing at an open window opposite.

Outside the electric cars whirr and clang. In here there is the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. It is Prague to-day. It is Prague six hundred years ago, in that combination of medievalism and modernism, which of all delightful things Continental is to us the most delightful.

We have mentioned an Irish Monastery founded by Irish monks, and in this connection, speaking of Irish influences in Prague, there is another interesting fact to be chronicled.



BRIDGE OF CHARLES IV AND ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, PRAGUE.

It is a far cry from the famous Charles Bridge in Prague to the Island of Rathlin in the north of Ireland. But we had read a description of a primitive hot-air bath, the remains of which are still to be seen on the island, and how the ancient Irish, if they did not actually invent the hot-air bath, were, at least, well aware of its recuperative qualities, and how the Irish monks had brought this evidence of early Irish civilisation with them to the Continent, so that one morning as we crossed the famous bridge we were not so very much surprised to see staring us in the face the legend printed in large letters on the gable end of a building overhanging the river—"Irische Roman Bader," Irish Roman Baths. Here in Czecho-Slovakia, in the very centre of Europe, we were reminded by the proprietor of a hot-air baths, that the idea had come to his country *via* the Island of Rathlin, and we in Ireland are content that they should be called "Turkish."

Prague, the beautiful capital of a beautiful country, whose name is synonymous with chivalry, romanticism and easy careless grace, shall always remain with us a place of pleasant memories, memories of long, happy, heedless days, when we dreamed before its outspread treasures of Church and Court, or roamed its quaint, dusky streets between their great masses of frowning stone—threading our way amongst its labyrinths of palaces and prisons, its archways and courtyards, to the kindly, almost familiar salutations of its courtly people—days when the skies were always blue and every hour was glad.

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Paths

*****@*****

CHRISTINA McNALLY

.....
"John!" It was nothing more than a whisper, but it held a world of yearning, and he heard it. In a few strides he was at her side.

"Margaret!" His voice was deep with emotion. "You forgive me, then?"
.....

THE sun blazed down from a clear, blue sky in which no trace of a cloud appeared. Jean Norton had posted her letter and leaned idly against the doors of the General Post Office. Her mood in no way harmonized with the sunshine or the apparent happy-go-lucky crowd that surged past, in fact, she was oblivious of it all.

Why! Why! she cogitated fiercely, should religion have to crop up between girl and man, her future home and happiness? Jean's thoughts went back to the night before, which was the source of her bitter reflections. Erick Bell had asked her to marry him, but he was a Protestant. All along she had hoped he might become a Catholic, but last night, when she had tentatively put the question to him, his angry outburst had robbed her of every vestige of hope.

"How could you," he spoke vehemently, "expect me to become a Catholic after what mother did? When I was five years old she became a Catholic, then ran away from dad and me, broke up our home." He stopped, then after a few minutes he besought her in a kindlier tone.

"But Jean, why should our religion come between us? I being a Protestant needn't make any difference. You could still go your way and I go mine."

Then an idea came to Jean, perhaps if she did marry him, after a few years she might induce him to change. She was strongly inclined to agree—to promise, but across her conscience her mother's words seemed to ring out—"You can't build a good house on a bad foundation." And so it was, she refused Erick, and they parted.

"It's a wonder," Jean mused, "that his father did not long ago interfere." For he was known to be even more bitter than Erick. A bell rang somewhere, five o'clock, she sighed, and turned to go, when a faint thud, followed by a startled cry made her turn round—a poor but cleanly-clad old woman was lying on the pavement. Jean ran to her side, and slipped her arm around the woman and gently helped her to her feet, recovering some odd coppers which had scattered in the fall. As the frail little woman raised her face, Jean was conscious of a shock, for she found herself looking into a pair of dark-brown eyes that held tragedy, suffering and sadness in their depths. They reminded her of little brown pools cradled amongst rocks of a wild bogland, but as she smiled her thanks at Jean, all traces of sorrow vanished, the tragic eyes lit up reminiscences of golden sunshine stealing a glimpse into those quiet pools, but only for a short while, as if it grudged a curious world to read in those quiet depths, a happiness that might have been. Her hands clutched feebly at Jean's; she seemed hardly able to stand. Jean supported her, by putting her arm around her waist.

"Thank you, Miss, thank you," she murmured in a low voice which held a rich quality.

"Lean on me," Jean spoke gently, "you're hardly able to stand, where is your home?"

"I live in Bruce Avenue," she replied, "my name is Mrs. Gordon."

Jean knew Bruce Avenue. It was a very poor quarter of the city and a long way from where she was. The old woman could not possibly walk that distance. She decided to hire a car, but she realised she could not leave the old woman,

even while she went to get one, and no one around seemed to be inclined to help.

"Can I do anything for you, Jean?" She recognized the voice, and turned to face Erick, middle-sized, dressed in navy suit, dark straight hair, and brown eyes that always held a glint of amusement.

Jean explained her predicament to him.

"Wait there, I'll be back in a minute," he told her, and to Jean's delight, only a few minutes later a car pulled to a stop beside the kerb and Erick got out. He helped the old woman into the car, then Jean got in beside her. During the process, Mrs. Gordon said little, but now she turned to Erick. "May God bless you son and reward you," she murmured, in a rich, fervent voice. It startled Erick, and as he looked keenly at her, he was conscious of the same shock as Jean. Her refined sad face filled him with consideration for her, and impulsively he spoke.

"God bless you, too."

Fifteen minutes later they reached Bruce Avenue, where they pulled up beside a row of tall, forbidding-looking tenement houses. Jean helped Mrs. Gordon out of the car and led her up the stone steps, the big door stood ajar.

"My room is on the second flight," Mrs. Gordon replied in answer to Jean's question. They mounted the flight of rickety stairs.

"This is my room now, Jean," and she opened the door for Jean to enter. When they were inside, Mrs. Gordon spoke.

"I hope you won't mind me calling you Jean. I heard the gentleman call you that, so I hope you'll let me call you the same."

"I want you always to call me Jean, I'd love you to," Jean assured her with genuine delight.

The little room was small, crudely-furnished, but spotlessly clean and tidy, in one corner a small altar was erected, before it burned a Sacred Heart lamp, and a bowl of wild flowers, nicely arranged, was set before a statue of the Sacred Heart, and a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Jean noted all this at a glance, and somehow it seemed to fill her with a great sense of companionship. They were both united by the great bond of religion.

"So you're a Catholic, too," she nodded in the direction of the altar.

"Yes, Jean," Mrs. Gordon answered, then as though speaking to herself, she added:

"Sometimes the road to heaven is a very hard one strewn with many crosses and thorns," then noticing Jean's grave face, she continued: "but little Jean, never be afraid of the hardships and crosses, it's worth it in the end, for the narrow road is the only one that leads to happiness and heaven's gates. The easier roads lead but to destruction. They are the devil's bait." Though Mrs. Gordon did not know, Jean was greatly impressed by her words, somehow she felt as if this woman was inspired by God to say those words for her benefit, and she felt all her earlier bitterness ebbing from her, giving place to a strange peace. She even felt glad she was favoured with the special grace to do what was right.

Mrs. Gordon took a little picture of the Sacred Heart and put it into Jean's hand, saying—

"Let Him be always your guide," then she took a very small golden locket from around her neck.

"Give this," she said, "to the kind man who helped me to-day," and Jean noticed a sad sweet look creep into her eyes. She was about to refuse, but Mrs. Gordon shook her head. "No, I won't need it, give it to him, to me it is but a souvenir of days long passed." Jean put the little picture and locket into her bag, and after kissing the kind woman good-bye, promising to call again, she made her way back.

When Erick returned home that evening he was in the best of spirits:

somehow the few words with Jean had a lot to do with it ; her winsome face, with her clear grey eyes and dark curling hair, always had a cheering effect on him. He entered the library, where his father sat gazing into the bright log fire. He seemed in a very thoughtful mood.

"Hello, dad!" Erick called.

"Hello, son!" the father smiled back, humorously. "Sit down and tell me about your day."

"Well, dad!" Erick began, as he pulled a chair close to the cheerful fire. "I've nothing much to say except I was talking to Jean for a few minutes. Some poor old woman fell beside her, and Jean wanted to get a car, and as I hadn't mine, I hired one for her. The old woman had to go to Bruce's Avenue, and that's a long way off. Oh! yes, dad, I've a confession to make," he grinned across at his father. "I said something that Protestants don't usually say, at least I never said it before. When I helped the old woman into the car, she said to me in a voice that was real, musical and rich: 'God bless you and reward you, son,' and somehow I felt compelled to say the same to her."

During the latter part of the narrative, Erick was gazing into the fire. He now raised his eyes to his father, to find the tired blue eyes regarding him gravely, then he spoke:

"Son, I hope God will give you light before it's too late." Erick gazed in astonishment at his father. In all the years he had known him, he never spoke like that before. In fact, he deftly avoided any mention of religion.

"Anything wrong, dad?" Erick asked, somehow sensing a change and not knowing the nature.

"Yes my boy, everything's wrong, everything I ever did. You've made a confession to me; now I'll tell you something, but of quite a different nature: I have spoiled three lives—your mother's, yours and mine."

"But—but, dad," Erick expostulated, "I don't understand."

"No, son, you wouldn't, you were too young when it all happened. Your mother turned Catholic when you were only five, and I was so embittered against Catholics that I turned her out and forbade her come near the house again. The only excuse I can proffer on my part is that my father and forefathers were all bitter Protestants, and I suppose their blood is in my veins. Well, your mother came of a good family, Protestants also: I thought she was with them, but they disowned her, too. Only a year ago I heard this, and I've been searching for her since. When I turned her out she was too proud to come back, until I'd ask her. In those days we lived in North Antrim: I've been up there several times, but could find no trace of her."

Erick listened like one in a dream; he could hardly credit his own ears.

"But, dad, why did you tell me mother left us?"

"I was afraid if I told you, you'd turn Catholic, and, and—" he struggled over his words: "I couldn't bear to lose you, too: you were all I had left of Margaret, but what I feared then I hope for now. Someone I know must have been praying a lot for me, and somehow I believe it is my wife. Whether she's in heaven or on earth, no one else could do it but her."

Silence fell between the two. Then Erick spoke, and he placed a friendly hand on his father's shoulder.

"If I had only known you would like me to become a Catholic, I'd be a confirmed one to-day, for since I met Jean six months ago I've been fighting to make myself imperious to the call of her religion, and only the thought of mother having deserted you kept me from turning. Dad," he spoke softly, "I wonder where mother—"

A soft tap sounded on the library door. "Come in," Mr. Bell called. The door opened, and Jean entered.

"I hope I'm not intruding," she apologised.

"Mrs. Gordon—the poor woman you helped to-day, gave me this to give you as a token of her thanks." She handed Erick the little locket, but before he had time to take it, his father sprang from his chair and took it from Jean. His hands shook visibly as he examined it closely, then opened it up. It revealed the portrait of a young girl. His hands clasped over it tightly. With unseeing eyes he stared before him, and Jean and Erick, though bewildered at his attitude, noticed a strange light in the grey eyes.

"Could it be possible?" he murmured. He seemed oblivious of the others.

"What's the matter, dad?" Erick asked, a half-incredible hope in his heart, but his father didn't hear. He was addressing Jean:

"Jean, do you know where the woman lives who gave you this?"

"Yes, in Bruce Avenue," she answered, "I could find it any time."

In a bound, Mr. Bell was at the door.

"Henry! get the car ready quick," and turning to the others: "Come on, Jean and Erick, we're going to find out who she is."

Fifteen minutes later Jean, followed by Mr. Bell and Erick, mounted the rickety stairs leading to Mrs. Gordon's room.

Jean knocked lightly, and called out in answer to a query from within, "It's Jean and some friends."

"Oh! little Jean, come in," came the sweet, rich voice. Jean opened the door. Mrs. Gordon was reading by a small fire. She stood up to greet Jean, but as her eyes passed Jean and rested on the tall, well-built grey-haired man, the book fell from her hands to the floor.

"John!" It was nothing more than a whisper, but it held a world of yearning, and he heard it. In a few strides he was at her side.

"Margaret!" His voice was deep with emotion. "You forgive me, then?" His strong arm went around her wasted shoulders as though, whatever bitterness the past held, he would protect her from future care. Her hand clasped his, and she smiled the brave smile of a woman who has fought a hard battle and won. She now turned towards Erick, who still stood in the doorway, trying to believe what his eyes and ears told him.

"And this is Erick," she said, in a low tremulous voice. Erick went to her, clasping her two white hands in his, and kissed her pale face, with its crown of snow-white hair.

"Mother mine!" he murmured.

Jean, who had not passed the threshold, watched in mystified wonder, and now Erick's mother came towards her with open arms.

"Ah, my little Jean, I see you do not understand. This is my son Erick and my husband. We have long been separated, but God has united us all again." Impulsively, Jean threw her arms around her neck.

"This is just wonderful," she cried.

"Yes!" supplemented Erick, "and now we all belong to the One True Church, whose voice we tried not to hear."

"God's paths are indeed strange," John Bell spoke.

"Yes!" his wife answered, wistfully, and as her eyes met Jean's she smiled radiantly as though a secret passed between these two. "God's paths are strange, but they always lead to happiness and heaven's gate."

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For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our readers are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received:—

E. M. C., 5/-; Unworthy (Bray), 2/6; M. Lynes (Dublin), 5/-.

Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin.



St. Catherine of Alexandria

(Feast : November 25th)

Venerated as the patron saint of philosophers, St. Catherine of Alexandria suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Maximinus in the year A.D. 305. Of royal blood and gifted with great learning and eloquence, she is said to have converted many to the True Faith before her death. Condemned to die upon a wheel, the instrument of torture was destroyed at her touch, and eventually she was beheaded. Her relics are still venerated in a monastery on Mount Sinai. Her cult was very popular in the Middle Ages, and hers was one of the voices that spoke to and inspired St. Joan of Arc. "Of St. Catherine" says Ruskin, "there are vestiges of personal tradition which may perhaps permit the supposition of her having really once existed as a very lovely, witty, proud and fanciful girl. She afterwards became the type of the Bride in the "Song of Solomon" involved with an ideal of all that is purest in the life of a nun and brightest in the death of a martyr. It is scarcely possible to overrate the influence of the conceptions formed of her in ennobling the sentiments of Christian women of the higher orders." Her feast is celebrated almost everywhere on November 25th, and she is also regarded as the patroness of the arts, of wheelwrights, wagon-builders, teachers, students and jurists.

The Least of These

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ZITA BOYDON

*The words and their meaning
had lain hidden through long
years of selfishness ; and living
now in an alley of despair those
words so tenderly spoken by the
preacher came from the back of
his ageing mind to challenge
his heart :: :: ::*

LITTLE TOM was born in the alley. The alley was a narrow and dingy street about sixty yards long, and with very little space between the ramshackle houses. Drab washing was hung on lines across the street. There always was some washing hanging out, in fact, it seemed a perpetual washday in the alley without there ever being a clean result. Should any curious person ever peep down the alley he would undoubtedly be reminded at the sight of the grisly pennants hanging so obsequiously grotesque that perhaps some conquering hero had once passed down that tragic alley and the decorations in honour of that visit had been left hanging to this day.

Tom was born in the alley, a cripple child, and being crippled he was unwanted : not with a deliberately cruel unwanted, but with the complacent indifference characteristic of insufferable poverty and hardship. So Tom was born in the alley—one of the least of the forgotten people in a tiny forgotten street.

He grew into a man, dwarfed and crippled. A tiny sad ghost of a man with a smile twisting his lips in an attempt at bravery, whilst horror, pain and neglect, and the inability to work filled his broken heart with an almost terrifying bitterness. Then one day much to the relief of his widowed mother, Tom had to take to his bed. She, poor soul, could never earn sufficient money to feed herself as well as the four other sickly youngsters who sat on the doorstep howling dismally either with hunger or measles. And so it was with relief that she packed Tom off into a back bedroom, where being out of sight she would not be reminded at the sight of his wan face that he needed food.

His room, a stifling nightmare box (of a room) with a worm-eaten floor, held little or no comforts. The rattling iron bed was fitted with a straw mattress, a very small comfort, too, when wisps of straw poked through the worn sacking into his burning aching shoulders. To add to this unspeakable Gethsemane, the tiny blurred window was not made to open, so that he stifled, and his parched blue lips were too dry to even ask for air.

He had one great joy, however, and that was a visit from Sinbad the Sailor. Everybody called old Mike Higgs Sinbad the Sailor : first, because it gave an air of importance to the alley to call someone by a unique name, and secondly, he had been a real genuine crinkle-blue-eyed sailor.

Old Sinbad was always to be found sitting on the steps of the "Green Parrot Inn." He never went inside though—he had no money. But there he would sit, an old black pipe between his lips and his wrinkled eyes seeing far, far away, a weather-beaten ship and the torn canvas—the flowing sea—the whirling gulls, with their plaintive cry—the salt spray—the great bronzed men in their tight blue jerseys, their raucous laughter and unmentionable anecdotes.

No one ever gave Sinbad credit for having one religious thought in his head. He had one worth mentioning, however, and that was when many years ago as a child, an elderly female in a sudden excess of zeal, had hustled him off to church. He remembered so well the old preacher whipping out a large red handkerchief and blowing his nose like a clarion call from heaven. Then after he had adjusted his glasses, turning over the pages of a worn leather book and reading in a voice of exquisite beauty—" That which you do to the least of these my brethren you have done it unto Me "

The words and their meaning had lain hidden through long years of selfishness; and living now in the alley of despair those words so tenderly spoken by the preacher came from the back of his ageing mind to challenge his heart.

So the seagull's cry became as the cry of Tom—the salt spray the tears of him, and with the thought in his mind to do his bit for the least of these—he would rise grunting from his position on the step and roll his way down to number six.

Arriving at number six, the door was slapped open with the back of his hairy fist. Upstairs he trudged breathlessly, singing a tuneless, self-composed ditty—and pausing on the landing to get his second wind. Then another slap would open the bedroom door, and his loud, happy voice would bellow: “How de do me old son of a gun?”

Sinbad's visits meant a great deal to Tom, so that he would lie in ecstatic silence waiting, eagerly hanging on to every true and untrue tale which flowed unceasingly from the old salt's voluble lips. The same old tales would be recounted with many an amusing variation. Tom did not care, it did his heart good to look on the sailor's glowing cheeks and to hear that loud, vibrant voice with the hearty guffaw—and the blue tattoo on his heavy arms. The stories, so vividly told, whipped his tired mind away from the alley, away from his bed of pain, away—away—far-far away to the vast rolling ocean where a keen salt wind whipped round his body, and the salt spray stung his cheeks. He knew the thrill of the loaded nets—he heard the plaintive cry of the seagulls. He saw the churning green waves topped with the creamy foam. He saw, he heard—yes, all these glories—lived in them till that painful cough came and the nauseating saliva on his lips brought him swiftly back to the alley. The lashing waves were subdued and the sweet salt breeze moaned itself away into an empty silence, and he was back again on his bed of straw and anguish.

“Oh! Sinbad,” was the usual cry: “if only a breeze would come down this alley.”

“It will come in good time, lad” was the usual answer.

* * * * *

The years had run their weary course. Slow, dragging years. Tom had reached the age of thirty-three. Sinbad still called, and still with the same old pipe clenched between his broken teeth, would recount with as much gusto as ever the wonderful tales of the sea. And after the recounting, when the salt spray on Tom's cheeks had inevitably turned to salt tears, there would come that same old cry of anguish: “Oh! Sinbad, if only a breeze would come down this alley.”

Then would Sinbad answer with a firmer conviction of late: “The breeze is on its way.”

Tom always felt better when Sinbad said that, and long after the old sailor had rolled his way down the alley to his perch on the step, something remained—perhaps it was the way Sinbad told his: “Perhaps—perhaps—perhaps—” “Oh dear God, do send a breeze down this alley.”

Snowflakes were falling, large and soft from their background of silver grey sky to a grey waiting earth. Some fell down the alley. Sinbad on his step sucked the empty old pipe, something fanned his cheek like salt sea air, he bit hard on the stem of his pipe. Snowflakes eddied and swirled over his head, thicker, thicker in a fairy-like profusion, then softly, softly was born a breeze; it murmured like the cooing of a dove, slowly it crept along around the corner, and then, so quietly, it entered the alley.

Sinbad smiled to himself when he saw a shadowy figure of great glory walk swiftly towards number six. He clasped his gnarled hands together when that same figure appeared and walking gleefully beside Him—Tom.

They walked together where Sinbad crouched on his step. The happy voice of Tom reached him. “Sinbad said you would come.”

The tender eyes of Him looked thankfully on the old sailor, and gratitude like burning gold poured from that Sacred Heart : it flooded the heart of the old sailor as words spoken in a voice of exquisite beauty came to him : . . . " You have done it unto Me." . . .

* * * * *

The salt tears rained down his cheeks—the salt spray lashed his face as he thought on the King of Heaven coming to claim for Himself one who was—the least of these.

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Taking Things for Granted ~ MARY V. ANGEL

NOTHING is more disheartening than to do something for others, perhaps at the cost of one's leisure or money, and then have it "taken for granted."

To go out of one's way to do a kindness ; to take on somebody else's job because he or she is not well, and that extra to our own job ; to share some expense which could otherwise be ill-borne by the person who incurs it ; to share a house and home with somebody, and do the lion's share of the house-keeping or home-making, and so on, all being taken for granted, is heart-sickening—soul-sickening.

Yet it is a fault to which we are all prone. How many of us think to greet the new morning with thanks to the Giver of All Things for giving us a brand-new day in which to live and love and be happy ?

How many think of thanking a mere husband for loving us, for putting-up with our foibles day after day, for going to work in all weathers, and often much against his will perhaps ?

How many husbands realise the enormous amount of organisation, self-denial and hard work which go to the making and efficient running of their homes ? The proper and careful rearing of their children ? The small, endless jobs of cleaning, tidying, cooking, washing, ironing, and perhaps at the end of a full day, helping with the garden ?

We take all the work our maids do for granted : of course we pay them for a certain amount of work every day, and yet the right sort of maid does so much that can never be paid for in money—a word or two of appreciation pays for it though, and makes her heart warm.

There are grandparents who come along at a moment's notice to take charge whilst a new member of the family is being born—or if mother is really floored with a headache or other ill—we all know some family which depends on grandmother at the other end of the telephone, perhaps, "to come along, like a dear, whilst I go to the pictures with Jack." We may say a perfunctory "thank you, dear . . . ooh I *am* sleepy . . . good night." But the real appreciation is deeper than any words, and grandmothers are very susceptible to it.

We take for granted the fact that we can walk and run, and stoop and bend—so many poor cripples in this world are making the best of a bad job with marvellous courage : we ought to feel grateful for sound and healthy bodies.

Indeed, don't we take everything in life for granted ; the sunshine, the flowers, the spring ; the beauty of trees, and the lovely sound that rain makes when gurgling in the gutters ? Yes, even in rainy weather there is much to be thankful for, and yet all we can do is to grumble.

Taking things for granted makes us misers—niggardly of the little looks and words and acts of love and appreciation which mean so much to those to whom they ought to be given.

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER XI.—“*So find we profit*”

THE address on the letter, “Buller’s Mansions, Walnut Place, London, W.” Diana found without great difficulty. She chose the early evening for her visit, hoping the best time would be then to catch Miss Barry coming in from business. Bullers Mansions was a very new, very modern block of flats in a quiet, residential quarter, situated in a pleasant tree-lined avenue. On a little sun-balcony there was a white door with a brass plate bearing the name “E. Barry,” and after climbing four flights of stairs, Diana was glad to stand a little and admire the futuristic knocker before using it. After some delay, the door was opened and a girl appeared. Diana knew she was looking at Miss Evelyn Barry, but even she was not prepared for the girl standing there. She did not look a day more than sixteen, for a mass of fair, softly-curling hair gave a childlike look to her face. Her features were really beautiful, finely-modelled and clear-cut, but spoiled by eyebrows plucked into mere lines, and lips garnished by too much paint. She was tall, taller than Diana, and beautifully slender down to her neat feet in well-kept high-heeled shoes. She was wearing a blue smock such as artists affect, tied under her chin by a large blue silken bow. She looked inquiringly at Diana, saying: “Won’t you come in?” in a rather uncertain voice.

“My name is Diana Stainsforth, but possibly that conveys nothing to you. You will know me better, perhaps, as the Problem Page Editress on the *Daily Review*.”

Instantly, the young face lit up, and she held out her hand.

“Oh, I am so glad to see you! You came because you were interested in my letter, did you not? Oh, please stay to tea, and then we can have a regular pow-wow.”

She drew Diana into a small, gaily-furnished room. “Please stay here

while I get rid of these two. They were just going, anyway, and I must have you all to myself.”

She darted out, leaving the door ajar. Presently, there were voices, and two men came into the little hall and took their belongings from the stand. One was a mere youth who looked half-asleep, with a cigarette dangling from his lower lip. The other was a tall, elderly man with a fresh, somewhat florid complexion, and a well-knit, rather splendid figure. He examined his face with care in the mirror, smoothed down his hair before putting on his hat. Evelyn appeared, fussing round them both.

“Good-bye, Robert, don’t forget to bring that case to the class to-morrow. Good-bye, William. When shall I see you again?”

“Why is it I never see you alone?” the elderly man asked, somewhat irritably. “There’s always poets and painters and other poor fry hanging round here. You wait until we are engaged, young woman. I’ll forbid them the house.”

“Well, we are not engaged yet, William, so I can still entertain my friends where and when I will,” said Evelyn, with a touch of spirit. “Good-bye, William.”

“I’ll come next Wednesday, as usual.” There was some endearment mentioned which Diana was quite glad escaped her ears. Elderly suitors never amused her. She always thought them rather pathetic. The door banged, and Evelyn re-appeared and began setting the tea-things.

“Now we can really talk since those two are gone. Men can be so tiresome at times, although William is one of the best. By the way, that was William Hall, the man I am going to marry.”

“Really?” said Diana, seating herself at the table, while Evelyn made the tea. “Since your mind is evidently made up, wasn’t it rather a waste of time writing me?”

NO trace of her annoyance showed in her face. The girl was fooling her after all—a spoiled, sophisticated young madcap—who already had the reins between her hands and determined to go her own way.

“Well—you see—that is . . .” She had thrown off the smock, and the white organdie dress she wore made her look younger than ever.

“You see, it is this way. The whole thing’s been on my mind so much that my letter to you was a way of getting it off my chest.”

“I see,” said Diana. “Now, supposing you tell me a little about yourself, so that I may understand your case better. You are a real Catholic?”

“Oh yes. I was brought up in a convent. I’m afraid I have been so busy of late that I have had no time to practise my religion. Of course, I am much inclined to the modern school of thought which declares that religion nowadays is a back number, quite dead, in fact.”

“I certainly agree with you, Miss Barry, if you will allow me to make one exception. The Catholic Faith is strongly, terribly alive; indeed, it is the only vital force left in the world to-day. But, please go on. You were saying——?”

“I am studying at the School of Fine Arts, and I study and practise here in my own flat. At the school one meets so many, and one student after another is always giving parties on the least excuse. I met Mr. Hall at one of these parties, and he attracted me greatly. He is really good-looking, and with such a fine commanding presence, don’t you think?”

“H’m!” murmured Diana, which might have meant anything at all.

“What does Mr. Hall do for a living?”

“I don’t know quite definitely, but he has money of his own, and he does work on the Stock Exchange.”

The tired business man seeking relaxation at a students’ party, thought Diana. Aloud, she enquired: “How old are you—really, Evelyn?”

“Well, Miss Stainsforth, since you

ask me so candidly, I must confess I told you a lie in that letter. I am only seventeen.”

“And he is presumably thirty-nine, and looks forty-five. He would make you a very good father, my dear.”

A stony look, full of rebellion crossed the girl’s face and warned Diana to be careful. She leaned across the table, and looking into that proud, defiant little face, said very earnestly:

“You sought my advice in your difficulty, Evelyn, and because you interested me so much I broke a strict rule of mine and came to answer you personally. Your problem hinges itself on religion. Now I am not holding out a brief for any particular religion, but I do think you might look a little more carefully at the claims of the Church to which you profess to belong. He is a married man of no known religion, divorced from his legal wife, and you are a Catholic girl. From my knowledge of it, the Catholic code of morals leaves no room for hedging or compromise, and it says ‘You shall,’ or ‘You shall not,’ very distinctly. There is no divorce in the eyes of your Church. According to your own teaching, that man is bound to another woman by a tie that only death can loose. Am I right?”

“Quite right, Miss Stainsforth.”

“My experience has been, looked at from a purely human, worldly point of view, that two people of different religious persuasions should never marry. You see, my dear, marriage is such an intimate union the Church service says these two are one flesh; and mind and heart as well as bodies should be in perfect unity to produce the harmony that makes a perfect marriage. Therefore, when two people do not agree on one essential point, how can they expect happiness?”

“True, Miss Stainsforth. But then, William is no bigot. He would leave me freedom to do what I liked in religion.”

“You are learning to paint, Evelyn? Have you any examples of your work here?”

"Why, yes, come this way and I'll show you."

SHE led the way into the small room she used as a studio. On the walls hung drawings, paintings, and sketches, some finished, some just half-done. On the easel there stood an exquisite study of a child's head.

"Did you do that?" she asked.

"Yes, it is a model I have just finished," said Evelyn. Diana said nothing, but she knew that the girl beside her had talent of no mean order when she could express herself so well on canvas at seventeen. They went back to the sitting-room.

"Evelyn, when you began to attend painting classes, what was the art master there for?"

"Why, to guide us, I suppose, and to teach us the rules of drawing," smiled Evelyn.

"And if anyone attempted to draw a picture without abiding by the rules, what would be the result?"

"The picture would be spoiled, naturally," answered Evelyn.

"Now you have my meaning exactly," said Diana. "The Church makes rules, not to be tyrannical nor arrogant, but to safeguard the ultimate welfare of her children. She has had nineteen centuries' experience of human nature and you must admit she knows best. When one of her children tries to live without the rules, well—the picture is spoiled."

Evelyn said nothing. She sat there and looked at Diana with a strange new light in her eyes.

"Now," went on her visitor, "let us leave religion out of it for a bit. You are very much in love with Mr. Hall?"

"Oh, yes. I think he is one of the finest men I have ever met."

"I'm so glad," said Diana, slowly. "For you are going to be called on to make great sacrifices for his sake."

"Sacrifices?"

"Yes. Forgive me if I speak plainly, Evelyn. Even in these days of a surplus female population, the woman still chooses her man. In about three years' time, say, when your whole

nature has undergone a change—will you have to reproach yourself for having been rather indiscriminate in taste?"

"I I don't know. . . ."

"Even in these pagan days of unbridled licence, it still takes a bit of courage for a young girl to marry an old man; and when that man she chooses as her bridegroom has been divorced by another woman. . . ."

tears began to gather in Evelyn's eyes.

"Oh, I don't care, I still love him, and no silly laws are going to come between us. We can marry quietly at the registry office."

"Yes, I know, but wouldn't it be much better to wait a little? After all you are so terribly young! Suppose, for argument's sake, you married William, and were quite happy. After you had been his wife for three or four years, you met a young man you found you liked a lot better than William. What is going to happen then?"

"Impossible!" said Evelyn. "That could never happen to us. We love each other too well for anyone to come between us."

"Oh, it has happened before now, scores of times, as I happen to know from my problem page, and to the most innocent of people. People who had already taken their oath of fidelity to another in the best of faith. There is only one course for these; they remind themselves of the existence of honour and duty, and they endure in patience and strength. If such can happen to people who never expected such an eventuality, what will happen to those who were warned, who knew what they were doing?"

Evelyn was past speech. She put her head on the table and began to cry. Her sobs shook her thin frame. Diana rose, and leaning over, patted the bowed head.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, "I did not mean to make you cry. I did it for the best, and because I hate to see a life spoiled when a word would save it. I hate to see anyone hurt, but more so when it is anyone so young

and sweet and innocent as you. Good-bye."

THERE was no response, so she let herself out of the flat very quietly. All the way back to Quain her mind was in torment. Had she done well or ill in speaking? Maybe she had driven the child straight into the danger—yet, it had been done for the best. She was so upset, that she could hardly look at what had constituted Maggie's day's work. Long ago they had planned an oratory at Quain, a little private chapel where they might say their prayers at any time. There was a big, high attic on the top floor, which Maggie had now cleared of litter. In Diana's absence she had whitewashed the ceiling and walls, cleaned the windows, and scrubbed the floor. It was bare now, and clean, awaiting Diana's decision as to what should be done in the way of decoration.

More to please Maggie than from any inclination, Diana began to plan, her heart aching, and her mind with a desolate, distraught child in far-off London.

"I would like the altar here," she said, pointing to the north wall, "and that would mean we could have all the light from those windows falling directly on it. These little alcoves on either side could be used to hold a statue of Our Lady and St. Joseph."

"It would be fine if we had the Stations of the Cross," said Maggie, whose great devotion was the Passion.

"I'm sorry, Maggie, but the place is so small fourteen pictures would look out of place, and terribly crowded. If they were actually painted on the walls, like we saw in that grotto at Saint Edmund's. There's the wall space, all ready. . . ."

She stopped dead, as a sudden thought struck her. In a moment she had decided. "Excuse me, Maggie, but there is a letter I must write at once. We'll do the rest in the morning."

She went downstairs, and seated at her desk, wrote the following letter:

"DEAR EVELYN,

I am writing to ask your help in a little

difficulty. I am making one of the rooms here at Quain into a small oratory, and as the place at our disposal is rather small, I thought of having most of the pious objects actually painted on the walls to save space. I should like the altar centre-piece to be Murillo's Crucifixion, and the Stations of the Cross copied from one of the early Spanish painters, Sebastian, I think his name is. He has done some really fine work and it is so clear-cut you should have no difficulty in copying it. I should not work too hard; an hour or two a day at most, as the country around here is simply crying for you to come and see it now, in the pride of the year.

Believe me to be,

Your sincere friend,

DIANA STAINSFORTH."

"Stupid of me not to have thought of it earlier," she said to herself, as she walked to the post with her letter. "I must get her away—if only I can get her away from his influence, all might yet be well. Staying down here for a bit, who knows? She might meet someone nearer her own age—a lad like Alan, for instance, fine, clean, upright, and a Catholic, who would make her forget a man like William Hall ever existed."

NEVER was a letter more anxiously awaited than Evelyn's reply. Diana was afraid to leave the house lest a letter should come, and afraid to open a letter lest it contained a refusal of her invitation. At last, two days later, the answer came:

"DEAR MISS STAINSFORTH,

Of course I shall come down and do the work you want. I want you to know that in spite of our rather painful interview the other day, that I admire you very much. I shall leave by the one o'clock. Please meet me.

EVELYN BARRY."

"Thank God!" cried Diana aloud. John Peter Paul looked up from his breakfast porridge.

"Aunt Diana, if I had a wasp, and put it in an ice-cream cone, and kept it there all night, would it be dead or alive in the morning, Auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know, who can tell that?"

"But do you think it would?"

"Look here, John, if you have any ideas about trying it out, don't do it

with a wasp. And ask Maggie what she thinks. She knows everything."

"Why did you cry 'Thank God!' just now, Aunt Diana?"

"I was so happy because there is a very nice lady coming to stay with us. I want you to be very nice to her while she is here."

"Is it another lady? Couldn't you bring a man or another little boy to stay here once in a while?"

"Miss Barry will be as good as a little boy to you, John. Now hurry with your breakfast for I want lessons to be over when she comes."

Evelyn came down with all the paraphernalia of her career and set to work. She laboured in the little chapel studiously for four hours a day; the rest of the time was spent talking to Diana and playing with John. The boy had attached himself to her with the fidelity of a dog. As the weeks passed she seemed to be shedding her modernity; without paint and powder her face showed a healthy golden tan that was infinitely charming. She wore muslin frocks and sandals and went about hatless. John showed her all his own precious secret hunting grounds, the streams best for fishing, the forests which, with just a little imagination, became dense South American jungles, inhabited by strange plants and savage peoples. She laughed often and never once was the name of Mr. Hall mentioned between them. On Sunday morning she rose and went with the other inhabitants of Quain to Mass, without being asked.

One morning she came into Diana's room, and perching herself on the end of a table, swung her legs, and watched Diana at work. She talked about trifling things for a moment or two, then quite suddenly asked:

"If it was three years since you had been to Confession, what would you do?"

Diana did not raise her head, but her heart beat very quickly.

"I should repair the omission with all speed," she answered quietly. "You see, being a Catholic, I know my soul is dead when I am in mortal sin. Any

good action I may have the happiness to perform would be lost—in fact, all my works would be without life, without merit, dead as my soul."

"It doesn't sound very nice, does it?" she said at length. "Somehow in town I never thought much about my duties, but down here—Diana, I have a feeling I ought to go, and yet I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what—or whom?"

"The priest might be angry with me and fluster me so, I wouldn't know what I was saying."

Diana laid down her pen.

"Evelyn, my dear innocent, you are the very type the priest is looking for day in and day out—the lamb that has strayed a bit too far, and got wounded in the progress. Far from being angry, he will be most patient and kind. You know there are three kinds of penitents, Evelyn; two of these kinds edify the priest, the third bores him to death. The first two are great saints, and great sinners who have repented. The third type is the person who has never done anything really bad, who is at the same time full of small, irritating imperfections, and who is not big enough to do something really great with his life. Our Lord said: 'I am come not to call the just, but sinners to repentance.' That is what the priest feels when a penitent who has been years away from his duties kneels once more at his feet; only joy, and a wonder at the infinite mercy of God."

"You make it sound so easy," said Evelyn, half-enviously.

"Would you—I wonder if it is too much trouble to ask you to come with me?"

"Not only that, but I'll come to-day, this very evening, to Pantegg. There is a little dark church, in a dim, narrow street, dedicated to Our Lady of Victories. I'm perfectly sure if we went there and asked her help, she would enable you to perform a rather difficult duty. Shall we go?"

"Yes!" said Evelyn Barry.

NEXT MONTH:

CHAPTER XII.—*The Further Shore.*

Passionist Notes and News

ABYSSINIA.

Decoration for Passionist Chaplain.

From *Il Divin Crocifisso* (Pianezza) we learn that His Majesty Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy, has bestowed the honour of Cavalier of the Star of Italy (Colonial Division) upon Rev. Fr. Gregory, C.P., for valuable services rendered as chaplain to the forces during the Ethiopian War. Fr. Gregory, who for some years acted as Editor of *Il Divin Crocifisso*, served in the front lines and was present at the battles of Debri-Hotza, Amba Aradam, Tembien, Amba Alagi, and at the occupation of Socota. He was attached to the 20th Regiment of Infantry, "Sila" Division, and was eighteen months on active service.

IRELAND.

Cause of Father Charles.

Last month the Court for the Apostolic Process for the Cause of the Servant of God, Fr. Charles of St. Andrew, resumed its sessions at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, after the summer recess. The Court is still engaged in taking the evidence of witnesses with regard to the reputation for holiness enjoyed by the Servant of God.

Community Changes.

The following community changes have recently been made in the Irish Province :

- Rev. Fr. Eugene from Holy Cross, Ardoyne, to Mount Argus, Dublin.
- Rev. Fr. Casimir, from St. Gabriel's, Enniskillen, to Mount Argus, Dublin.
- Rev. Fr. Vincent, from Musselburgh, to St. Gabriel's, Enniskillen.
- Rev. Fr. Jerome, from Musselburgh, to Holy Cross, Ardoyne.

Reception of Novices.

On Friday, October 22nd, at St. Gabriel's Retreat, The Graan, Enniskillen, the following novices were clothed with the religious habit by V. Rev. Fr. Michael, C.P., Master of Novices :

Conf. Luke (Delaney),	Co. Kerry.
„ Kenneth (Lavin),	Roscommon.
„ Francis (McCann),	Drogheda.
„ Ronan (Byrne),	Co. Mayo.
„ Killian (Matthews),	Dundrum.
„ Gregory (Dalton),	Dublin.
„ Sylvester (Gilmartin),	Dublin.
„ Celestine (McGowan),	Glasgow.
„ Donal (Connolly),	Dublin.
„ Robert (McIntee),	Glasgow.
„ Brian (O'Grady),	Castlecomer.

ITALY.

Bicentenary Celebrations.

A Solemn Triduum took place at the Retreat of the Presentation, Monte Argentaro, from 12th-14th September, to mark the Bi-centenary of the foundation of this first Passionist monastery. From the neighbouring towns of Orbetello, Porto St. Stephano and Portercole, large numbers came in pilgrimage for the closing ceremonies. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Paul Galeazzi, Bishop of Grosseto, who also preached an eloquent discourse suitable to the occasion. In the evening, after Solemn Vespers, a sermon was preached in the open air by Mgr. Stanislaus Battistelli, C.P., Bishop of Soano-Pitigliano, and the ceremonies concluded with the singing of the *Te Deum* and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the Bishop of Grosseto officiated.

SPAIN.

News of Dispersed Communities.

The latest issue of the official *Acta* of the Passionist Congregation gives some further news regarding the fate of the various Passionist communities in Spain. The members of the community of Barcelona left for Valencia at the outbreak of the war; all are still alive, but two are in prison at Valencia. It is reported that the Superior of the Barcelona house has been killed, but so far this has not been confirmed. The Retreat at Santander was abandoned before the assault on the city; subsequently two members of the community returned and have reported that whilst the buildings remain intact, the sacred vessels of the church, the furniture of the Retreat and the books of the library have all disappeared. From the Retreat of Mieres it is learned that the Rector and the Vicar are still alive; that two other members of the community are imprisoned by the "Reds" at Gijon, whilst four others have been condemned to forced labour at a munitions factory. The Retreat at Deusto, near Bilbao, continued to shelter the community during the attack on the city. Although portion of it is now in use as a hospital, it is still occupied by the community.

TANGANYIKA.

Reinforcements for the Mission.

Early in November it is anticipated that a further band of missionaries will leave Naples for the Passionist Prefecture-Apostolic of Dodoma, Tanganyika. Led by Mgr. Stanislaus Aronne Ambrosini, Prefect Apostolic, it will include three priests, two lay-brothers and four Sisters of Mercy from Verona. With the arrival of this fourth band of missionaries, the staff of the Prefecture will amount to forty, viz., 18 priests, 8 lay-brothers and 14 Sisters. And this has been achieved in only four years.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

FORBIDDEN BOOKS.

Is it wrong to read forbidden books and novels, if no harm is taken from them?—"Curious Reader" (Dublin).

It is wrong to read books placed by the Holy See on the Index, even though one feels that he will not suffer any harm from reading them. Prohibitions which are founded in a general danger to all hold even though the presumption is not verified in an individual case. Your bishop may give you permission to read forbidden books.

SUPPORTING THE CHURCH.

If a person should be in debt would it be wrong for him to set aside 10 per cent. of his wages as alms?—"Worker" (Co. Cork).

Ten per cent. of one's income is about the minimum one should contribute towards the support of the Church. Circumstances may excuse one from giving even this amount. Not having an accurate knowledge of your financial state we are unable to give you a definite answer. To support your church is as much an obligation as to pay your butcher's bill.

MAKING A BAD COMMUNION GOOD.

If one were to receive the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist in the state of mortal sin, would he receive any grace from the Sacrament if he repented later on?—"Worried" (Belfast).

The presence of mortal sin prevents the infusion of grace into the soul when Holy Communion is received in that state. If this is done knowingly a sacrilege is committed. Perhaps the majority of theologians hold that the grace of the sacrament does not revive and produce its effect if the hindrance placed by mortal sin is removed, because Holy Communion can be received frequently, and moreover it would be unbecoming that one should receive grace from an unworthy communion. It is probable, according to some theologians, that a communion received by one who is actually in the state of mortal sin, but who in perfect good faith approaches to receive, may produce its effect in the soul if an act of perfect contrition or love of God is made before the Sacred Species are disintegrated.

NECESSITY OF FAITH.

(1) *Are all men born equal, with free will and the ability to believe?*

(2) *Will a person who has earnestly sought the truth be condemned for not possessing faith?*—"Curious" (Belfast).

(1) Catholics believe that all men born into the world are fundamentally and substantially equal; that is, each human being is endowed with intellect and free will; that is, as the Declaration of Independence expresses it, each one has equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Accidentally, all men are not born equal; that is, some are born in better circumstances, such as, better parents, wealthy surroundings, etc. Each person born into the world has sufficient

grace to be saved, once he has attained the age of reason. This includes the ability to believe. Otherwise God would appoint a certain end for all men and not give all a sufficient opportunity to attain that end.

(2) A person who earnestly seeks the truth will be granted the gift of divine faith, because "God wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. 2/4). Sometimes persons are fearful lest they may find the truth if they searched for it in the proper way, like a man out of work and wanting it, but careful not to apply where he may find it. Mere reading will not obtain the gift of faith. A man must be humble and unprejudiced. He must pray. He must act according to the light which God at present gives him, for "he that doth truth cometh to the light" (John, 3/21). "If you ask the Father anything in My Name He will give it you" (John, 16/23). Therefore, when an adult fails to have faith it is his own fault. God condemns no man to perdition unless he is culpable.

FIRST FRIDAY COMMUNION.

(1) *May a person receive Holy Communion on the Sunday following the First Friday on her First Friday confession?* (2) *If one was not able to receive on the First Friday would Communion on the Sunday following be regarded as made on the First Friday?* (3) *A person after receiving Holy Communion coughed a piece of the Sacred Host into her hand. Is that a sin?* (4) *I missed Mass several times because I was sick. Should I tell it in confession?*—M. L. (Dublin).

(1) Yes. (2) No. (3) No. That is an accident. In such a case the communicant should consume the particle, or if this would be inconvenient, let her wrap it in a clean handkerchief and give it to the priest, who will dispose of it. (4) Serious illness is a legitimate excuse from attending Mass on days of obligation. There is no necessity to mention it in confession. Persons who are habitually careless, however, would do well to mention the fact.

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET.

What obligation is there of fulfilling the promises made in a spiritual bouquet? I promised to say some prayers, and I'm afraid I've forgotten them.—"A Friend" (Co. Dublin).

A spiritual bouquet is a written promise of prayers or good works to be offered up in favour of a certain person. Its fulfilment is considered to bind from the virtue of fidelity. An obligation arising from the virtue of fidelity does not oblige as strictly as one arising from justice. Hence, any reasonable cause will excuse from fulfilling the promise; it is presumed that the person, for whom the bouquet is being offered, would not wish it to be carried out if it was too difficult. It is useful to note that one should not make extravagant promises in a spiritual bouquet, if it is obvious that you cannot fulfil them with fidelity.

Book Reviews

THE LAST INVASION OF IRELAND. By Richard Hayes. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. Pp. 341. Price, 15s.

I presume that every author has at least two hopes when he sees his work in print. First, that his book may teach and be instructive. Secondly, that his book will be bought. Two lines of an old ballad quoted by Mr. Hayes in his *The Last Invasion of Ireland*, seem to hit-off his particular hopes—

“Be a good boy and I’ll buy you a book
And send you to school in Ballinamuck.”

I hope you buy the book, but let me tell you about Ballinamuck.

It was here in 1798 that the Insurrection received its last and shattering blow. In May the Irish had risen to proclaim once more their right to freedom. Expecting aid from France, they had held out through the months of June and July, and the fighting was almost over when finally the French ships arrived off Killala Bay. The Invasion (the word is the author’s) took place under General Humbert in August. The story of the three weeks that followed, when the few thousand French soldiers and Irish insurgents made their all-conquering march to the very centre of Ireland, is the author’s subject. It is a vivid tale of courage and valour. All along their route, the soldiers were heralded as deliverers by the people. The whole countryside was overjoyed at their swift success. There was battle after battle, encounter after encounter, as the English harassed them on their march. Fearing to attack Humbert openly, they waited until the depleted French and Irish forces arrived at Ballinamuck. There the disaster happened—the fearful slaughter and awful rout. But there was great bravery. Mr. Hayes describes the stand made by Gunner Magee:

“His supply of ammunition became almost exhausted. To supply the deficiency, camp pots and kettles were hammered into bits, and the metal mixed with grape and cannister. Then a ball from the English lines struck the gun and broke the stock of one of the wheels. To render it capable of being fired, however, four insurgents heroically came forward and the gun was placed on their shoulders. Magee having applied the match, it boomed out, but the gallant volunteers were killed by the recoil. A drumhead court-martial subsequently condemned Magee to execution ‘as a deserter from His Majesty’s Army’.”

The author has not been content with book research only, in compilation of his history, but has walked the whole 120 miles of Humbert’s march himself, gathering what was left by tradition in song and story of the high adventure of those splendid three weeks. It makes the book a very human document and very enjoyable to read.

APOLOGETICS FOR THE PULPIT (Vol. III). By Aloysius Roche. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 269. Price, 6s.

Fr. Roche’s third volume of Pulpit Apologetics deals with the general topics of the Church’s Sacraments and Sacramentals. Those who are familiar with his work know how patiently and painstakingly he treats every subject he touches. His work is exhaustive and brimful of ideas, set out in good clear divisions and written in nicely-poised English. In these helps for the pulpit he is not diffuse. He supplies information in good crisp sentences that encourage expansion by individual preachers. His sources, as well as Scripture and well-known theological works, are the works of Catholic writers, ancient and modern.

Of course, one expects in such a book that essentials be given first place in treatment and in scope. This has been done; but what we may call the incidental topics such as chapters on Symbolism, The Organ, Church Vestments, The Christian Altar, The Canonical Office, Bells, etc., do not suffer through lack of importance. There is much good and interesting information given on all things Catholic, which should extend the appeal of the book beyond the ranks of the clergy. Lay-folk will find in it the answers to many questions, which perhaps they would like to hear treated from the pulpit, but have not heard. Sermons will be more instructive and spell-binding if Fr. Roche’s book is used as a guide, and in the right way.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE BLESSED EUCHARIST—The Little Book of the Sacred Heart. By Brian O’Higgins, 38 Upper O’Connell Street, Dublin. 26 pages. Price 1s. each (by post 1s. 2d.)

These “Little Books” of Brian O’Higgins are little masterpieces of prayerful art. There is a prayer-poem on every page, the verses hand-written by Micheál O Briain. The lavish and colourful Celtic tracery of the titles, initials and borders, makes each page a delight to the eye, an uplift to the heart, a triumph of Irish craftsmanship. As inexpensive souvenirs for First Communions, Feast-days and Birthdays, they will be emblematic, in prayer and art, of the joy and good wishes of the giver.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS. By Fr. Hubert, C.P. C.T.S. Pamphlet. Price 2d.

This is the fifth in the series of Scenes from the Gospels, which have already been read and appreciated by thousands. The author, in this pamphlet, treats of those events which took place after the Crucifixion, beginning with the soldiers’ testimony to the Death of Christ, and ending with Christ’s own testimony of his wonderful Resurrection. Not only do the various scenes supply the reader with matter for fruitful meditation and prayer, but give him a clear chronological account of the events, which are not easily apparent at the first reading of the Gospel itself. These pamphlets should not only inspire sentiments of piety and devotion, but should awaken in the reader a deep interest in the story of Christ as told by the Evangelists themselves.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers
of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

THE wings of the departing year hasten onwards, and now we find ourselves in November. A darker hue has crept into the passing days, and a strange, sad sighing fills the whisper of the breeze. Everywhere about us are visible signs of death and decay—the dying leaves huddled together on the dark roadway and along the dykeside, the great stretches of withered bracken, and the faded fern, the bare branches of the trees and the forlorn hedgerows. All speak to us in their own melancholy way while the occasional gleams of sunshine in the early day and the morning song of the robin are the only notes of cheer—symbols of the Hope that is eternal, the light of God's love that never dies. Through the deepest gloom we can see His beauty, His mercy and His majesty. November is the month of the suffering souls. At this time the Church calls upon us to remember especially the departed members of her Fold, not alone our own relations but all the children of God who are suffering in the flames of Purgatory. How often we have promised to remember our dear ones in the after life, but alas! we are too prone to forget them in prayer. If we would only pause for a little while in the every-day rush of life and think of how they must suffer. It has often been revealed that very holy souls have had to go through a long period of atonement before being enabled to see the adorable Face of their Redeemer. This year let us redouble our prayers and increase our spiritual ardour on behalf of our dead. There is no better way of helping them than by having Masses celebrated, and by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice for their release. The holy souls are powerless to help themselves, but can aid us if we call upon them. They never forget their benefactors upon earth. May the light of God shine upon them and give them eternal rest in the haven of His Sacred Heart.

MY POST BAG.

This month I am happy, yes, exulting with gladness. My post bag is bursting with good things, and the sight of a fat post bag always makes *Francis'* heart throb with joy. From every quarter letters come pouring out. Such delightful letters! One would sit up all night to read them. Just on the top is a charming note from MARY PALMER. Mary always writes readable letters, breezy and full of little touches of interest. How fortunate of Nora to get that beautiful relic of our beloved Patron! May St. Gabriel intercede with God for her always. You are a treasure, Mary, and I am sure the house is the happier for your presence. Even Pat tells of your delicious puddings. If only we could all slip in for a share we would enjoy them. MARTIN PALMER is studying in Rome now, and he rejoices in the sunny land of Italy and the grape gathering, so PAT PALMER tells me in his little letter. Pat is an ardent footballer. One small boy in Kildare, JOE McSHORTALL, who I am told is "football mad," would find a kindred spirit in PAT PALMER. I hope Mary and Pat will often write to the Guild. Their letters cheer us immensely. Why does Mary not send an essay now and then? Her writing was always so spontaneous and original I should like to think she is cultivating her literary talents. A little bundle of letters has come from the *Convent of Mercy, Castleblayney*. I was delighted with the accounts of their homes and happy home-lives written by CONNIE FLYNN, MARY FLYNN, MADGE DUFFY, ETHNA MALONE, LOUIE KING and PHYLLIS FINN. Their descriptions are truly interesting, and I hope to hear from them frequently. They are very good little girls, and I am sure St. Gabriel is happy to have them in his circle. My young friends in *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham*, are as happy as ever. Their many letters are as cheerful as the sudden bursts of sunshine that break

the gloom of a winter day. These little sufferers are ever brave and patient, and full of the happiness that is the outcome of little souls dear to God. I hope you will like your new home in the country, HANNAH FLYNN. Yours is a sweet little note, MARGARET ROBERTS. I am glad you have such nice pets, and trust you will soon be able to play about with them. "In St. Gerard's," writes JOAN WEST, "we have four Love Birds. They are really very pretty. They are kept in a big white cage with a red top on it, and they chirp beautifully." I suppose they are so fond of all *Francis'* little friends they sing them love songs all the day long. Thanks to PETER SWALES for nice letter. I was charmed with ERIC's splendid letter. He is a dear boy. EDWARD DOHERTY is most warmly welcome to our corner. MAURICE WEDGE writes a grand letter full of news. I am sorry I have not space to deal fully with all my correspondence this month. My replies must be brief. We are glad to have PATRICIA SHERRY amongst us. Please let me know if Badges awarded to children in *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath*, were received. The little letter that came from MAIRIN NI HODHRAIN was so full of kindness I just wanted to accept her invitation at once and come to Cahirciveen to enjoy Maureen's hospitality. Your essay is full of promise, Maureen. Try again. Tell me about your pilgrimage to Carfin, ELEANOR DARGAN. Did you pray for *Francis*? From Valentia Island comes BETTY BATEMAN with a lovely letter. She is doing splendid work for *The Cross*, and is endeavouring to get many new readers. May St. Gabriel send a shower of blessings upon her pathway. Betty is ever so pleased with her Passionist Badge, and relates the following little incident: "When I went to London for my holidays," says Betty, "a funny thing happened. We one day passed a church which seemed on the style of our own parish church—it happened to be in Highgate—so we decided we would go there to Mass next day, as cathedrals are rather distracting when one is not used to them. We went next morning, and I was the only one of the three of us that had a Passionist Badge on my coat. As we were going into the church I saw a Passionist Father in the porch. I was delighted, as I knew then it must be one of their churches. The priest seemed to know that we were strangers, and when he saw my Badge he spoke to us and brought us to seats up near the altar and left us. So now doesn't the little Badge do good in more ways than one?" Yes, Betty,

the blessings that accrue from the little Badge are innumerable. Write soon again. I greatly appreciate MARY MULDOON's nice letter. I feel sure St. Gabriel is very proud of you, Mary, and will help you to become a true Legionnaire. Many thanks to BETTY and JACK KEELAN for their letters. Pray hard to St. Gabriel and he will lead you to success, Jack. You are a great little girl, Betty, to get such good marks. Two dear little notes from JOE and BREDa McSHORTALL tell me I am not forgotten in old Kildare. Your essay was late for last month's competition, Joe. *Francis* hopes to see Breda and her companions carrying off the Cup for Camogie this year. MARY McANDREW, of course, I remember all you told me about "the beautiful chapel and the lovely old priest." I am deeply sorry for what occurred to his chapel, a dastardly act. We must thank God nothing more happened. I am grateful to MARY LEAHY for her remembrance.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "How we can best help the Holy Souls," the prize is awarded to ELEANOR DARGAN, c/o OWENS, 83 *Earlston Avenue, Glasgow, N.*

In the competition for the best essay on "A Walk in Winter" the prize is divided between EITHNE MARRON, *Annagheane, Scots-house, Clones*, and JOAN SPINK, *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, England*.

In the competition for the best essay on "My Home," the prize goes to CONNIE FLYNN, *Munster and Leinster Bank, Castleblayney*.

DECEMBER COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best Christmas Story or Legend told in competitor's own words.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Crib and its Glory."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best Original Joke.

SEND BEFORE NOVEMBER 10TH.



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